THE BYSTANDER
VOL. LXVII.—No 874

SEPTEMBER 1, 1920

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THE BYSTANDER AT DEAUVILLE (Illustrated)

AVON
TYRES

Motordom's staunchest Ally in the fight for cheaper travel.

BOLLINGER'S
CHAMPAGNE
By Appointment to
H.M. KING GEORGE V.

Shoolbred's
TOTTENHAM HOUSE.
CARPETS,
RUGS,
LINOLEUMS, MATTINGS, &c.
Newest Colourings and Designs.
TOTTENHAM COURT RD., LONDON, W.1.

Ask for
Apollinaris
NATURAL
MINERAL WATER.
The Old Favourite:
"*Polly*" *and Scotch.*
THE APOLLINARIS CO., LTD., 4, Stratford Pl., London, W.1.
(4,500 British Shareholders)

Absolutely unique in their qualities.
STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES
No. 555. Virginia.
Sole Manufacturers:
ARDATH TOBACCO CO., Ltd., LONDON.
Turkish. No. 444.

Nice, smoove Daddy!

Baby's velvety cheek, as it nestles so lovingly against Daddy's, is scarcely smoother than his.

Thanks to "Regina," the morning shave leaves his face as smooth as a child's—unwrinkled, and feeling deliciously fresh.

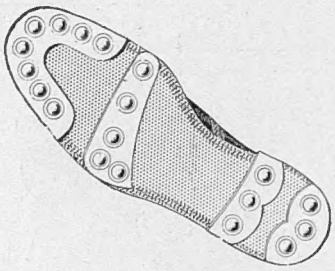
That's the charm of

PRICE'S
REGINA
SHAVING STICK

Your Chemist keeps "Regina." If he is out of stock, please send us his name.

PRICE'S, BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W. 11.

McAfee's
Golf Studs



These Studs can be fitted on any boots or shoes.

They give a perfect grip.
Ideal comfort in walking.

Light in weight and waterproof.

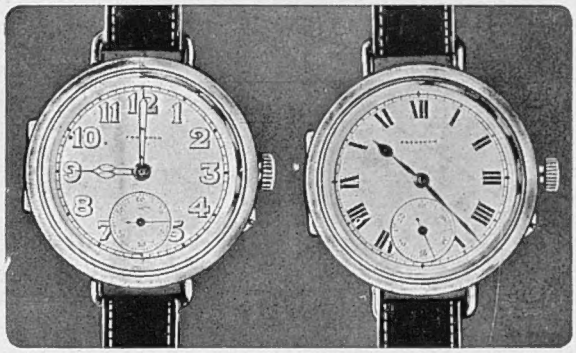
Stocked in 3 Sizes, for both Ladies and Gentlemen.

Complete Set, Price **9/6**

Recommended and Sold by
Duncan, Ray, Mitchell, Vardon,
Braid, Herd, White, & others.

Manufactured by
McAfee's, 38, Dover Street, London, W.1.

Guaranteed by
FRODSHAM



WRIST WATCHES

that really go well and are a comfort to the wearer. Strong Silver Cases, damp and dustproof. Luminous or non-luminous dials as preferred. Finest quality, strongly recommended, **£10 0 0.** Cheaper qualities (good works) **£7 0 0** and **£5 0 0**

Fine Watches for Presentations. Repeaters, Chronographs. Modern and antique Clocks.

C. FRODSHAM & CO., Ltd.,
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"Quality & Service"

Kensington High Street. W.8.

Stylish Footwear

Style and Quality—two important factors that are *always* expressed in Derry & Toms Footwear

Brogue Shoe in Nigger, Grey, Black or White, 65/-. In Tan Willow

53/-

Glacé Lace Shoes, Cuban heels, Patent or Glacé caps.

38/9

Radium v. Grey Hair

'Caradium' CANNOT fail!

'Caradium' Hair Restorer will give you back the richly-coloured, fascinating tresses of your girlhood! The powerful radio-active properties of 'Caradium' will arouse the inert pigment glands to new activity and restore to every grey hair the rich, full colour of youth.

'Caradium' is not a dye, but a natural tonic-lotion, simple to apply, non-staining, absolutely harmless. 'Caradium' CANNOT fail!

Caradium

REGD.

HAIR RESTORER

'BEAUTY SECRETS' A useful Booklet Free on Request

Caradium Hair Restorer is sold by Harrods Ltd., Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Barker's, Shoolbred's, Boots, Army and Navy Stores, or obtainable direct from

8/6 Post 9d. extra.

CARADIUM (*Regd.*) **174 New Bond St W1**

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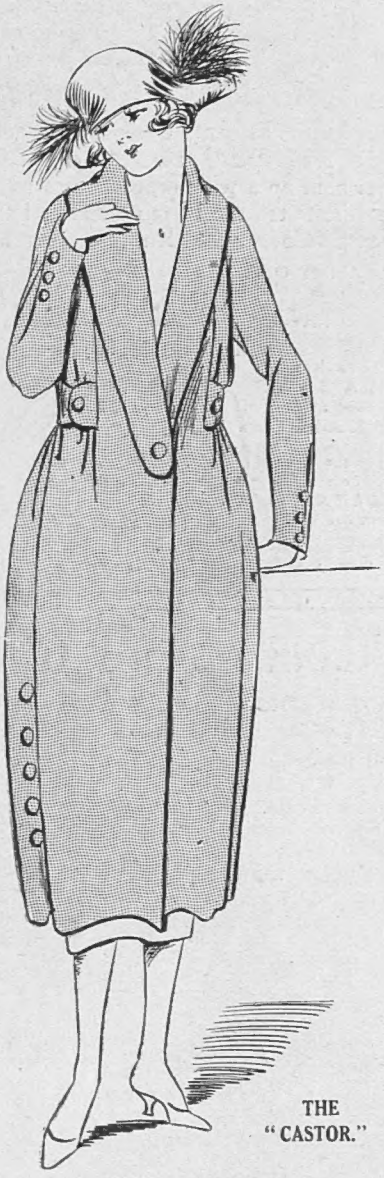
VOGUE & VALUE

With all the attractiveness of advance Fashions, Gooch Coats and Costumes offer value unlikely to be surpassed when the season comes in. Inspection is welcomed.



THE "CASTOR."

CASTOR. Velour Coat. cut on the newest lines, showing the slightly waisted effect. Lined to waist with hard-wearing silk to tone. Stocked in all the newest shades ... ... **7 Gns.**

GOOCHS Ltd

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Famous for the Market, Opera House, National Sporting Club *and* the House of **MOSS BROS. & CO., LTD.** For 70 years this firm has built up a wide reputation as Military, Civil and Sporting Outfitters. Those who tested the Firm's khaki in 1914-18, know that the name MOSS BROS. of Covent Garden is a guarantee of quality and workmanship.

ARMY OFFICERS should note that this is now the *only* Firm in London with a large and comprehensive stock of Khaki Service Dress ready for immediate wear. And Officers resuming Full Dress will find at MOSS BROS. a unique selection of PRE-WAR Uniforms of all Regiments. Also Full Dress Naval Kit.

Solid Leather KIT BAGS, Suit Cases and Cabin Trunks.

A unique Selection of ***SADDLERY.*** *Prismatic Binoculars by all the Best Makers.*

MOSS BROS & Co LTD

Naval, Military and General Outfitters,

20 & 21, KING STREET, } COVENT GARDEN,
25, 31 & 32, Bedford St., } W.C.2.

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NOTE:—**The only address** of this firm is **Covent Garden.**

The largest, most varied & unequalled stock in London of

LOUNGE SUITS, OVERCOATS, MORNING SUITS, EVENING DRESS,

Hunting & Sporting Outfits, Fur-lined Motor Coats, etc.

The SEREINE Massage Apparatus

For Home Beauty Culture

This wonderful invention can be used in the privacy of the home. You merely press it on the water tap, and it is ready for use.

It Costs Nothing to Run.
It Lasts a Lifetime.
No Assistance Required.

Some reasons why the

Sereine Massage Apparatus

should be used by every Woman.

It provides a delightful tonic for the flesh, skin and nerves. Makes a coarse skin soft as velvet.

Ensures for every woman a firm, round, well-developed bust and neck, shapely limbs, a healthy, radiant complexion, rich, luxuriant hair, removes all wrinkles, "crow's feet," and other blemishes, and assists to perfect and lasting health.

Fills out hollow cheeks and "salt cellars."

Extracts all dirt and grease from the pores, and gives life to a dull complexion.

Stops falling hair, prevents baldness by stimulating action of the blood, and removes all scurf and dandruff by suction.

Relieves rheumatic and other pains.

Complete Instructions sent with each Apparatus.

Price

35/-

Post Free.

The SEREINE Co.,
Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.
Illustrated Booklet Post Free on mentioning "The Bystander."

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER DE LUXE.

This week's issue will include:

ALL ABOUT THE 'MAYFLOWER'

Striking new picture of the start by

BERNARD GRIBBLE

Showing the Birth of the American Nation at Plymouth three hundred years ago.

'PLUM'

The story of a great cricketer in sketches.
By "Rip."

THE THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL REVIVED.

A further Instalment of

"The Return of Dodo"

BY E. F. BENSON.

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

PRICE ONE SHILLING

The Fashion in FURS

The Parisian Fashion Creators have originated such a variety of pleasing styles for the coming season that the question of choice becomes one of increasing difficulty, and, therefore, Ladies who can make it convenient to do so are respectfully advised to defer the selection of their Furs until they have attended the Exposition of Exclusive Modes that is now being held in the *Salons* of the International Fur Store at 163 and 165, Regent St., W.1.

Furs Sent on Approval.

(*Left.*) A real Ermine Evening Wrap, made of very fine skins, and lined with rich pale turquoise broché satin. Length 48 ins. Price **£250**

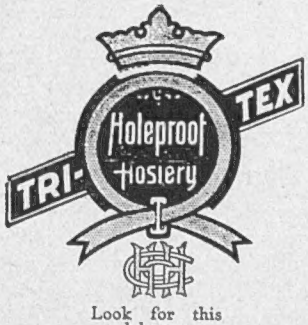
(*Right.*) This illustration shows a new shaped Moleskin Pelerine with handsome Ermine roll-collar, the narrow insertion of Moleskin being worked in the reverse flow of the fur, as sketch. Lined throughout with rich embroidered Crepe-de-Chine. **£130**

THE International Fur Store

163 & 165 Regent Street LONDON. W.1.

FUR RENOVATIONS

During the Summer months The International Fur Store make a speciality of renovating and remodelling Furs.



Look for this emblem on the yellow box.

HOLEPROOF SILK STOCKINGS

Of choicest Japanese Silk, beautifully soft in texture, TRITEX-HOLEPROOF are made in half sizes, specially small at ankle, long in the foot and high in the leg. They are sold at all the best shops, price 14/6 per pair, and will outwear two pairs of any other make.

For nearest Agent write:

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, ENG.

'Phone: 3675 Museum.

47 & 48, BERNERS STREET, W.1.

(Factories: Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A.)

Telegrams: "Holproof, Ox London"

"Ensign" Photography

Everybody's Hobby

HOUGHTONS · LTD, *Photographic Manufacturers*
88/89, HIGH HOLBORN. LONDON, W.C.1. *and at* GLASGOW.

The First Grey Hair

Every woman should know not only how easily she can tint grey or faded hair herself, but how remarkably good is the result produced when Hindes Hair Tint is used for this purpose. Over three-quarters of a million women already know and use this perfect hair tint, but thousands have yet to learn from actual experience how marvellously it restores grey or faded hair to its original beauty and glory.

Hindes HAIR TINT

For Grey or Faded Hair.

Hindes Hair Tint is the one safe, reliable, easy to apply hair tint. It is greaseless, odourless, and has only to be combed or brushed through the hair. It is immediate in result, and guaranteed not to contain lead, silver, mercury or other deleterious chemicals. It is infinitely superior to so-called colourers and harmful "dyes." A medical certificate accompanies each bottle.

Hindes Hair Tint is obtainable of all good-class chemists and stores everywhere. There are seven shades—dark brown, brown, light brown, black, blond, auburn and golden. Each shade is the same in price—2s. 6d. the flask.

HINDES, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle-street, City, London.

HINDE'S PATENT

HINDE'S HAIR WAVERS

Seven Different Patterns each with a purpose

The "WALROND."

Robert Heath's own and exclusive Cap for all Sporting Wear, Motoring, Golf, &c. It is essentially different to anything yet designed, and it is so made that it will fit any size head with perfect comfort. In Waterproof Velvet, in twenty-one different art shades, including Rose, Saxe, Amethyst, Tussore, Green, Brown, Navy, &c., &c. This cap cannot be obtained elsewhere. Price **48/6**

In various Tweeds, including Donegals, etc., 38/6. Coverts, 48/6.

Waterproof Velvet in Black and colours - - 48/6 Large Size - 52/6
Waterproof Silks in Black and colours - - 48/6 Large Size - 52/6
Tailor-made Silk Shirt with smart Black Satin Stock, as illustrated - - 58/6

Wooden Box and Postage for India and the East, 5/-; Continental, 2/6.

The largest stock of exclusive designs in Helmets, Solar Topees and Double Terais in the World. Models particularly suitable for Egypt, South Africa, etc.

By Special Appointment to H.M. Queen Alexandra, H.M. the Queen of Norway.

ROBERT HEATH
of Knightsbridge.

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"Quality & Service"

Kensington High Street. W8.

Charming Tea Gowns

A Tea Gown that is both Dainty and *Cosy* is a joy to its wearer—a Derry & Toms Gown enhances that joy tenfold! Here's an example:

'Doreen'

Boudoir Wrapper, made in our own workrooms from rich silk Zenana. Collar and Cuffs are hand-made in Ivory Georgette and Val lace, hand-embroidered self colour. In many charming colours. **10 Gns**

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The Cream of all Custards—with its delightful creaminess—such an improvement on the old style custard. Sold in 10d. packets, 1/- tins and small packets.

SWEETENED CREAM CUSTARD (pure cane sugar used), so helpful where the sugar difficulty is acute. Sold in packets 1/9, small packets 3d.

CREAM CUSTARD

DRILL BREECHES

CORD BREECHES

TWEED BREECHES

CUT TO MEASURE, TAILORED AND FINISHED BY EXPERTS AT ABOUT HALF THE PRICE USUALLY CHARGED

from **30/-** *per pair.*

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Please, say whether Drills or heavier Materials are wanted.

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LONDON, W.1

Save Money on Boots

by putting the wear and tear of walking on to Phillips' Rubbers. They add comfort and keep feet dry.

Phillips'
RUBBERS
"Last the time of three"

Men's Stout	5/6	per set.
„ Light	4/6	„ „
Ladies'	3/-	„ „
Boys' and Girls'		
Heels only: Men's Light	1/6	per pair.
Ladies' „	1/-	„ „

FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS.
Slight extra charge for fixing.

HOT WATER INSTANTLY
NIGHT OR DAY

EWART'S GEYSERS
FOR GAS OIL OR FUEL
346 EUSTON RD.
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ESTD. 1834

Active Service has turned you Grey!

DON'T LOOK OLD!

But restore your grey and faded hairs to their natural colour with

LOCKYER'S SULPHUR

HAIR RESTORER.

2/- **Sold Everywhere.** **2/-**

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp, and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing.

This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair Specialists, J. PEPPER & CO., LTD., 34 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E., and can be obtained direct from them by post, or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the World.

Real HARRIS, LEWIS, and SHETLAND HOMESPUNS
Direct from the Makers.
Lightweights for Ladies and Medium for Gents.
Patterns and Prices on application.
S. A. NEWALL & SONS *(Dpt. B)* **Stornoway**
State shade desired and whether for Gent's or Ladies' Wear. **Scotland.**

GOOD NEWS
FOR
SEA GOERS

Years ago when I began to travel by sea I would willingly have given half my worldly possessions for what I now get for four shillings—an absolutely reliable preventive of sea-sickness. Oh! the hours of agony I have spent leaning over the ship's rail—the days of speechless misery spent in my bunk when the mere thought of food set my whole system quaking in revolt. Never more will I venture on the sea (or in the air) without my faithful, never-failing friend—"C. CURE." Were "C. CURE" a sovereign a dose I would buy it with a cheerful, thankful heart. If you are contemplating a sea voyage, take my sincere advice and make certain of "C. CURE." The horrors of sea-sickness will then be entirely unknown to you. Most good chemists and stores sell it in boxes of **4/-** and **8/-**, or it may be had direct from "C. CURE," Ltd., 111, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

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THORNCLIFFE IRON WORKS. near SHEFFIELD.
Telegrams: "NEWTON, SHEFFIELD" Estab. 1793. *Telephone: No 2200. (Two lines).*

Branches:
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LIVERPOOL: 50a, Lord Street, W.
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THE "ASHCROFT" BOILER.

This Boiler is very suitable for Garage and Greenhouse Heating as particulars below.

	Size of Boiler	To Heat 4in. Pipe	Tapping	Diam. of Smoke Pipe	Price Exclusive of Smoke Pipe
No. 1	12in. x 8in.	40ft.	1in.	4in.	£6 8 3
„ 2	12in. x 12in.	60ft.	1in.	4in.	£7 1 4
„ 3	12in. x 16in.	80ft	1in	4in.	£8 9 8
„ 4	16in. x 12in.	120ft.	1¼in.	5in.	£15 13 9
„ 5	16in. x 18in.	160ft.	1¼in.	5in.	£19 8 3
„ 6	16in. x 24in.	200ft.	1¼in.	5in.	£23 16 4
„ 7	16in. x 30in.	240ft.	1¼in.	5in.	£28 12 0

GREENHOUSE	ft. in.	ft. in.	GARAGE	ft. in.	ft. in.
No. 1 Boiler,	11 0 x	11 0 x 8 0	No. 1 Boiler,	20 0 x	20 0 x 10 0
„ 2 „	11 0 x	16 0 x 8 0	„ 2 „	25 0 x	25 0 x 10 0
„ 3 „	11 0 x	21 0 x 8 0	„ 3 „	28 0 x	28 0 x 10 0

Or same cubical contents.

EAU-DE-COLOGNE
Johann Maria Farina
HANSA PLATZ
BRAND

To secure the Best and Genuine Eau de Cologne, ask for it by name—HANSA PLATZ. It costs no more than inferior brands. Refreshing. ——— Lasting. None so fragrant.

In bottles, 2/6d., 4/6d., 8/6d. and upwards of all good class Chemists and Stores.

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CARBURETTERS GIVE MAXIMUM EFFICIENCY WITH MINIMUM CONSUMPTION ON PETROL OR BENZOL

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How Columbia brought the best music into the Nation's Homes.

THE issue of Columbia Master Musicians records brought celebrity records within the reach of the great music-loving public.

Until Columbia supplied the need, the inspiring music of the great artists of the world was enjoyed only by a select few.

Now the Master Music of the Master Musicians is, through Columbia Records, delighting at small cost a vast community.

Why should not you, too, enjoy to the full this wonderful Master Music that Columbia Records provide?

Any Columbia dealer will gladly play the newest records for you.

The Master Musicians who record only for Columbia include Dame Clara Butt, Sir Henry J. Wood, Sir Thomas Beecham, Albert Coates, Hamilton Harty (and their Orchestras), Pachmann (Piano), Ysaye (Violin), Casals ('Cello), Josef Hofman (Piano), Toscha Seidel (Violin), Mmes. Stralia, Barrientos, Ponselle, Messrs. Tom Burke, Stracciari, Frank Mullings, Gervase Elwes, Hubert Eisdell, Norman Allin, Thorpe Bates, Kennerly Rumford, Arthur Jordan, Hughes Macklin, W. H. Squire ('Cello), C. Warwick Evans ('Cello), Percy Grainger (Piano), Wm. Murdoch (Piano), Daisy Kennedy (Violin), and many others.

Complete lists from all dealers or post free from COLUMBIA, 102/108, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1.

Columbia

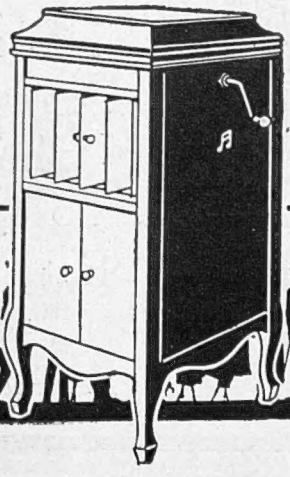
Columbia Records

MAGIC NOTES TRADE-MARK

RECORDS · & · GRAFONOLAS

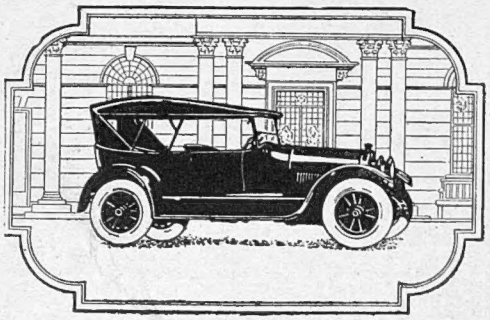
Play all your records on The World's Most Perfect Gramophone—the

COLUMBIA GRAFONOLA



Ten models, prices from £8 8s. to £75. Cabinet Grafonolas, as illustrated, from £37 10s. On sale at all stores and music dealers.

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD



A Wonderful Appreciation of a Great Car.

"The workmanship on a Cadillac, for instance, is simply perfect. There is no other word for it. It is far and away superior to anything I have seen elsewhere, and the infinite pains taken over the infinitely small jobs are most impressive."

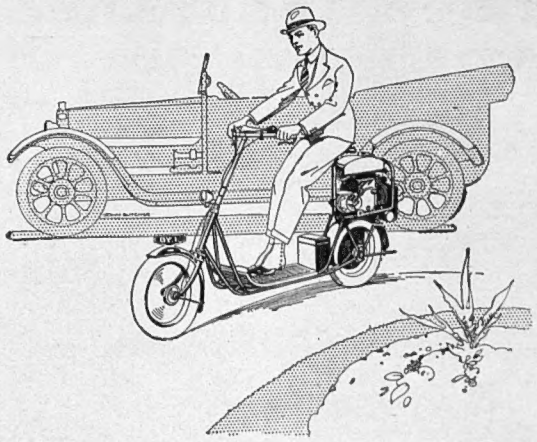
The above is quoted from an interview in which Mr. L. H. Pomeroy, the famous British expert, now in the U.S.A., gives his views on American cars and characteristics.

"THE MOTOR," August 4th, 1920.

CADILLAC

F S. BENNETT, LTD - Concessionaires
24-27, ORCHARD STREET, LONDON, W.1

CADILLAC STANDARD OF THE WORLD



Why use your big Car for short journeys?

A Colliery Proprietor says:

"In spite of the rough roads in this district, I use my

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every day for getting to business and back. It takes me to and fro, day in and day out without the slightest trouble, and I am saving pounds in petrol and tyres. I have tried several makes of Motor Skooters and the 'SKOOTAMOTA' is the only practical machine on the market."

YOU can use a "SKOOTAMOTA." It will save you time and money. Apply to your local dealer for particulars, or if any difficulty, write us direct.

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ROBERTS

HUNTING, FIELD-SERVICE, SHOOTING & POLO BOOTS, GOLFING SHOES, LEGGINGS, etc. West End made goods, perfectly cut, from the finest material, at much below the original cost. Hand-sewn. The largest stock in London.

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LONDON, W.1.

Five minutes from Marble Arch.

Estd. 1803. *Tel: 6451 Paddington.*

THESE ARE DENTAL FORCEPS ! !

They are the usual drastic cure for

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We offer you another

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which is infinitely less expensive, most pleasant, and enables you to retain your TEETH AND YOUTH.

ORISAL Liquid, **5/-** (for advanced cases). [cleanser).
ORISAL Dental Paste, **2/6** (prevents infection and is a matchless
ORISAL Special Brush, **2/6** (scientifically constructed).

Of all Stores and Chemists, or direct, post paid from—
ORISAL Ltd., Mnfg. Chemists, 77, George St., Portman Sq., London, W.1

MELTIS CHOCOLATE

Sold Everywhere by Grocers & Confectioners.
Made by PEEK FREAN

Tho' rents go up
And prices rise,
To bring a sparkle
To your eyes
Eat MELTIS!

"It melts in the mouth."

Your Insurance Policy won't put the Fire out

YOU insure your car against fire because you realise its liability to burst into flames. Have you not yet realised that insurance is not enough? It will not save your car, neither can it replace it in these days of advanced prices and delayed delivery. Your best fire policy is to install the Pyrene Fire Extinguisher. You can then save your car and 20 per cent. of the Fire Rate of your yearly Insurance Premium. (See particulars below.)

Size, 14 in. high, 3 in. indiameter. Weight 6 lbs.

PYRENE instantly quells blazing petrol or oil. It is light, handy, and easily operated—works like a pump. Will not corrode, freeze, or deteriorate, and is non-damaging.

As supplied to the Admiralty, War Office, Royal Air Force, Ministry of Munitions, Office of Works, India Office, etc.

Sold by all leading Stores, Garages, and Ironmongers in Polished Brass or Nickel-plated, filled and complete with bracket.

Write to-day for our Illustrated Pamphlet, "The PROTECTION of MOTOR VEHICLES."

THE PYRENE COMPANY, Ltd., 9, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

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Pyrene
TRADE MARK
Fire Extinguisher
KILLS FIRE
SAVES LIFE

The "OLD BILL" Mascot

Exclusively sold by SMITHS of Motor Accessories Fame

JUST "OLD BILL," the same dear, delightful old character that brought laughter and gladness to millions during the darkest period in our history. Everybody knows him; none can help loving him. His good humoured philosophy appeals to old and young, rich and poor alike. He positively oozes sympathy and goodfellowship. No one will dispute his claim to immortality: hence this attractive mascot. A more life-like "OLD BILL" it would be difficult to find. Every motorist must own one. Strongly constructed and nicely finished old bronze. Every mascot bears the signature of "OLD BILL'S" creator, BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER.

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A NECESSITY FOR ALL WOMEN.

"JOUJOU" THE PERFECT BUST SUPPORTER.

Trade Mark.

Patented in Great Britain, France, America, the Colonies, etc. Pat. Nos. 107934 & 141501. Regd. No. 659556

All women should realise the necessity of adequate support, and the best means of obtaining this is by wearing the JOUJOU BUST SUPPORTER. It is highly recommended by Doctors and Nurses, is most comfortable to wear, and can be worn with or without corsets.

Patent attachments make it absolutely firm, and there is not that unpleasant feeling when taking exercise. Most valuable also in maternity cases, as it is the only Bust Supporter which does not interfere with infant feeding. Can be worn during the night next to the skin.

Made in Three Qualities:

Pink Milanese or White Artificial Silk - - **30/-**

White, Fine Strong Material, or Pink and White Soft Material - **19/6**

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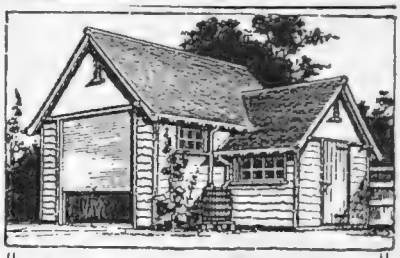

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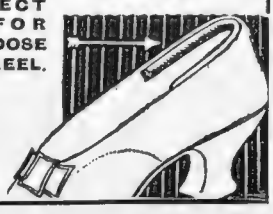

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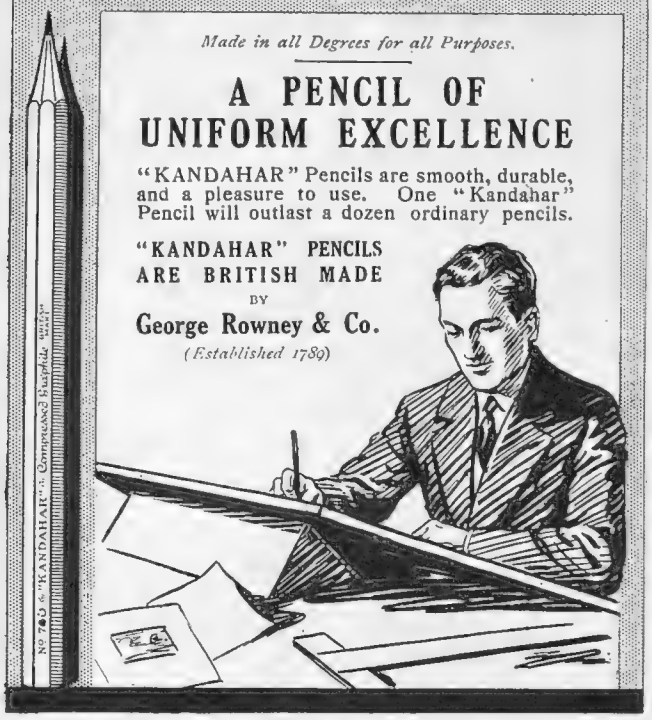

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The Bystander, September 1, 1920. No. 874. Vol. LXVII.

The BYSTANDER

BY FRED BUCHANAN

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OF

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MRS. ASQUITH in last Sunday's instalment tells the story of her first engagement with Mr. Peter Flower, a brother of the late Lord Battersea, and a well-known figure in Society and in the hunting field. Peter Flower was a man of great personal fascination and "curiously upsetting to the feminine sense." The instalment also contains some remarkably interesting letters from John Morley and an account of Mrs. Asquith's meeting with Lord Tennyson.

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Sunday Times

THANET HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.2.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

New King Coal

IF old King Coal was a merry old soul—"and a merry old soul was he"—it must have been when the Strand was green, with none of the great Big Three. But now he is glum, though he's far from dumb, and his tactics, distinctly subtle, are aimed of late at the Ship of State by means of a general scuttle.

Why Don't They?

HERE'S a splendid chance for the Council of Action to show of what stuff it is made! They were not afraid to challenge the Government and the British Constitution on behalf of Bolshevic Russia, and they claim that in doing so they have been victorious—a claim which reminds me of the great clown, Marcelle, when he used to "help" the attendants to roll up the huge carpet that covered the arena. When the job had been done by them, he bowed and looked as who should say, "Alone I did it!" Well, after their first victory for peace, let the Council of Action "challenge" Mr. Smillie and the miners on behalf of the rest of the people of Great Britain. It is war by internal blockade and by starvation that Mr. Smillie and the miners threaten just as much as if they were going to use artillery and poison gas. Moreover they are threatening this war to gain a purely political end that could be achieved in a perfectly constitutional manner at the polls, if the nation desires it. Surely if the Council claim the right to call a general strike they can claim the right to call off a one-trade strike. But I suppose it will be left to us as it was left to Poland. I hope we shall do as well as the Poles have done at the moment of writing.

At the Poles

I'M not a bit astonished at the attitude of the Pole to the Russians since he picked himself together. Like every Slav, he is a born Johnny Head-in-air. I remember the astonishment of a friend of mine who was with the Serbs—the purest of Slavs—in their great retreat. Although they were at their last gasp, he found many of them buoyed up with dreams of the days when they had an empire. Poles who have been sobered by a long residence in this country are well aware of the fact that their fellow-countrymen are fly-aways. One of them, admitting to me the other day that they are metaphorically at the Poles from our solid selves, lamented that his native land hadn't a nice wet sea round it which could damp down its exuberant spirits. As in nearly all matters of national differences, the conditioning fact about Poland is its geography.

And So with Pussyfootism

IT is largely the same with Pussyfootism. Prohibition may be all very well in a vast continent like America, but the conditions in a sea-circled little bit of earth like ours, stuck in the North Sea, are very different. A man once said to me "I'd like to be a teetotaller," but as he looked at our tearful sky, he added, "How can I be?" Similarly, an American friend of mine told me the other day as he drank a flagon of foaming ale at the "Cock," that, while he never wanted to touch alcohol in any shape or form at home, he felt all the better for it here. Personally, I have always believed that the difficulty with Ireland is one of climate. Did you ever think how difficult it is to keep an Irish terrier? He's such a broth of a bhoy.

Thoughts on Suicide

ALTHOUGH suicide has been rightly condemned by civilisation, yet on occasion there can be something fine about it. For instance, when the ancient Japanese nobleman, free, and in the eyes of

THE END OF THE JOY RIDE By Alfred Leete

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

the world undisgraced, or even worthy of honour, performed the rite of *hari kari*, and disembowelled himself as a protest against fate, it was surely a *beau geste*. But I see nothing fine about the Lord Mayor of Cork starving himself in Brixton. The mere fact that he would take his meals again if he were let out is enough to give the show away. He is worse than the little girl who sobbed, "Nobody loves me, I'll go into the garden and eat worms." If he had abstained from criminal or illegal conduct and starved himself *out of prison*, or performed *hari kari* on Dublin Castle doorstep one might respect, if not agree with, him. Better still, he might have gathered all the Sinn Fein extremists and persuaded them and all their followers to abstain from violence and murder and join him in a hunger strike *out of gaol*. The sight of a whole nation voluntarily starving itself to death as a protest against what it deems injustice would have something fine about it. As it is, merely to suggest it is the *reductio ad absurdum* of Mr. McSwiney's present action. He says his death will be on Mr. Lloyd George's head. If he or anyone by committing suicide can make the Premier an involuntary murderer, it is the Premier who will be the martyr deserving of our sympathy.

Tennyson Stories

I DON'T know whether there has just been a Tennyson anniversary of some sort, but I have certainly seen a great many stories of the old poet recently, which have reminded me of a couple, the scene of which was laid in the house of friends of mine. They are very typical of one side of the late Laureate. At luncheon one day there was put to sit next to him an ardent young lady whose adoration began to gush forth at once in full stream. The poet said nothing but went on eating his luncheon. For a time the gush flowed steadily on, and still the poet ate in silence. By degrees the gush stream began to dwindle, and presently became a mere trickle, which the poet effectually dammed by half turning to its source and saying: "I like my mutton cut in chunks." He then returned to his mutton and finished it in silence. I hope it was in chunks.

"Awfully"

IN the same house one afternoon everyone had finished tea and Tennyson again was in a silent mood. The room was very quiet, when one of the sons of the house, a particularly cheery young Oxford undergraduate, burst in and demanded tea, hailing everybody with a general apology that he was "awfully sorry to be so late." This roused the silent poet, who looked up from his arm-chair and said, "Why do you misuse that word 'awfully' in that stupid way? I would much rather hear you say that you were b——y sorry for being late." "Very good," said the cheery youth, who was really a great favourite of Tennyson's, "I'm *b——y* sorry for being late," and he emphasised the terrible word with gusto. Thus was Mr. Bernard Shaw and his "Eliza Doolittle" in *Pygmalion* anticipated by the great Laureate of the Victorian era, and in a Victorian drawing-room—a clergyman's drawing-room—at that. Verily "there is no new thing under the sun."

Settling the Liquor Question

THE name of Mrs. E. J. Smith, Brighton's first woman magistrate, certainly deserves to be handed down to fame. We have been told, until we have almost come to believe it, that women will be the most narrow-minded and bigoted supporters of Pussyfoot and all that the name connotes. Now Mrs. Smith, having before her a man of sixty-five, charged with drunkenness for the sixty-fourth time, discharged him. Here is no sign of the narrow mind. Mrs. Smith evidently recognised that when you have an old gentleman of sixty-five, with sixty-three previous convictions, it is not much use fining him or shutting him up for a few days to get thirsty again. The gentleman with sixty-three convictions is sure to be very well-known in his various resorts, and those who allowed him to qualify for his sixty-fourth conviction are chiefly to blame. I believe that such people are really very few. Eliminate them and the boresome liquor question is settled. Shall a whole nation suffer because of an occasional Jane Cakebread of either sex? A few more Mrs. Smiths will help us.

THE BOY WHO WON'T GROW UP By W. E. Wigfull

Comic *v.* Classic Music

IT is very curious that while the mounting of *Mie Mie* forms a *casus belli* in playland, owing to its Teutonic associations, serious German music is rapturously received. Thus Strauss's queer "Tod und Verklarung," at one of the Proms. last week evoked more enthusiasm than I have seen at the Queen's Hall. I suppose it is because classic music needs no verbal language, whereas in comic opera the music is merely an obligato to the words.

GEORGE AND CHARLES

By E. T. Reed

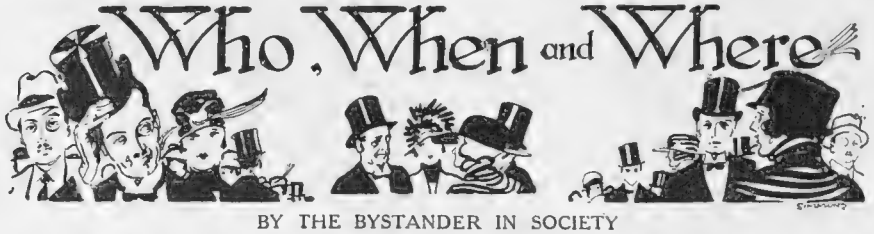
Charles Hawtrey (*to Washington, who has just described his peculiar limitations*): "My dear old chap! never heard s'ch a ghastly thing in m' life! *I am* sorry, I really am, dev'lish sorry! How long's this been goin' on, may I arsk? A-absolutely horr-ible! 'S there anythin' one can do 'bout it, what? I know a lot of those Johnnies round Harley Street and all that sort of thing, 'f I can be of any use."

Too True.

Mr. Graham Simmons' picture in last week's Bystander of "One of those Cheerful Little Bohemian Places, where People go to see People," was sadly true. There was the whole company of diners, men and women perfectly evening-dressed and gowned, staring all over the place, looking for, and at, anyone save their own kind and their own dining party or partner. It reminded me of many such places that such diners have ruined. It generally happens in much the same way. An indiscreet pioneer of those who have discovered the "little place," and are keeping it what it is and should be, one evil day brings to it a friend from the wilds of the West End. He or she returns to the jungle of Society with a wonderful story of a Bohemian dinner. Above all, they have seen eating, and for nothing, those to see and hear whom they have hitherto been content to pay half-a-guinea or twelve-and-six, and others, perchance, whom they have read or read about. The inhabitants of the Mayfair menagerie then crowd in to see the humans feed. Very soon the humans move on. The menagerie has the place, now changed into a third rate imitation of a West-End restaurant, all to themselves. Then a traitorous journalist writes "a piece" about it. The outer fringe of the jungle swarms in. Another place has been killed. The moral, of course, is the old Cockney adage: "Never introduce your donah to a pal."

Photograph THE DUKE OF YORK AT TH

From left to right may be seen Lord Willoughby de Eresby, Lady Priscilla Drummond Willoughby, Lady Catherine Drummond Willoughby, The Earl Lord Richard Cavendish, Miss Esther Lascelles, Ca



BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

In Clubland Now September's Here

A GOODLY percentage of the West End clubs are given over to painters, paperers, vacuum-cleaners, and scaffold-poles. Most of them have to get rid of at least six years dirt and grime. But August and September are no longer the old August and September. In pre-War days the secretary of any club could rely on the majority of its members being out of London during these two months whilst the year's damage and wear and tear were being repaired. But now it is a very different matter, and harassed secretaries in some instances have had to arrange for their members to use two, and even three, clubs during the furbishings of the "home foundations."

Some of the arrangements are really funny. Can you imagine the dear Bishops and all the learned gentlemen who dwell daily within the sacred fortress of the Athenæum having to hob-nob with the Admirals and Generals—mostly retired—at the Senior United Services? That is where they have to go whilst Maples are making the Athenæum as spick and span as when it was first built. Do you think a peppery colonel or retired admiral, if he found a Bishop sitting in his especial chair, would say—well, the things peppery elderly gentlemen of both Services do say when they are put out? Or would respect for the apron and gaiters stay the ready flow?

Photograph *G. P. U.*

PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA

Whose engagement is officially announced to Prince George of Greece

Then part of the members of the Oxford and Cambridge are being taken in by the Sports Club. Lunching there the other day I saw a well-known Rural Dean writing letters. And I wondered if he scored out the address heavily—or perhaps was writing on plain notepaper. You will see what shocks the autumn cleanings of clubs could bring to the Lady MacMuddles and Miss Sophonisba Troutlegs who affect a pet parson. But it is an excellent thing for the parsons—and they seem to like it.

A Burning Question

IF the coal strike does come off, the rush to London from the North and from all parts of England will use up a large portion of the railway companies' reserves of fuel. There is a general feeling that if Mr. Smillie can lead the miners to paralyse the whole of the national life it won't be a fizzle-out strike like that of the railwaymen last year. It isn't a question of wages; it is a question of Mr. Smillie and his followers trying to force the nationalisation of the coal mines upon the Government. So it would mean a fight to the finish on both sides. If the strike does come off every house in Scotland will be emptied as quickly as it was in August, 1914, when war was declared. Everybody will come rushing back to help the Government in any way they can. And if the Government should appeal to the opinion of the country by calling a General Election there will be some doings. But if it goes as far as that all the towns will be in darkne s, all all machinery for which coal is

HIGHLAND GATHERING AT CRIEFF *Topical*

Ancaster, Miss Alice Cavendish, the Duke of York, the Countess of Ancaster, Lady Moyra Cavendish the Hon. James Stuart, and Lt.-Col. Sir Raymond Greene

essential will be stopped—in fact it will all be like the day before the Last Day.

Talking of the possibility of the strike, an old lady of my acquaintance raised an interesting point. In her flat she has only storage for half a ton of coal. "When that is done I shall have nothing," she said. "There will be no gas, so our food cannot be cooked. Do you think if I burned the skirting-boards, then the balusters and stair-rails my landlord could claim damages, or could I plead 'Destruction caused by direct action of enemy forces'?"

A learned K.C. who was present advised the lady to insure "all wooden fixtures, and then you can burn anything with a clear conscience." But if you deliberately destroy what you have insured, can you claim the value? Perhaps the K.C. meant that when you must either cook your food with your skirting-boards and door-jambs or starve because Mr. Smillie leads the coal-miners out on strike, the situation comes under the heading of "justifiable arson."

Will Cairo's Glories Fade?

If the proposals of Lord Milner's Commission, suggesting the independence of Egypt, come into effect, I wonder if the social glories of Cairo will gradually fade and disappear? The Army of Occupation and the host of civil British officials in the Egyptian Service have always been the nucleus of the gay winter seasons. Would these end if the scheme were carried out? It is difficult to imagine the Cairo balls without the brilliant uniforms of our officers; in fact, I don't think there would be any balls or gaieties without them, for the simple reason there would never be enough young men of leisure in these days to take their places. And the polo, the races, and the tennis! All these would inevitably go.

Photograph *Swain*

MISS SYLVIA STRAKER

Only daughter of Mr. H. Straker, Hartforth Grange, Richmond, whose engagement is announced to Lord Barnard of Raby Castle

Photograph *Topical* *Photograph* *Alfieri*

SOCIETY AT HARROGATE

Sir Walter Gilbey and the Hon. Mrs. Lambton who are taking the "cure"

Eastern nations, no matter how Westernised, don't understand these things, so I think we may take it that if the suggestions of the Commission become actualities we can say "Ichabod! Ichabod!" to the old winter gaieties of Cairo. And what will become of all the hotels—Shepheard's, the Savoy, Mena House, and all the rest? And all the flats and houses occupied by British folk whose occupation will be gone the moment our Protectorate ceases?

The Bystander at Deauville

SKETCHES BY ROSE LE QUESNE

"The Bolshevic hat"

OH! the hurry and rush and bustle of *Grand Prix* week. All Paris, half London, and a third of New York seemed to be here. Carpentier, who is reluctantly admitted to have lost some of his good looks over in the land of the free; Spinelly, fascinating in the most daring of frocks; Paul Poiret, in the very quaintest straw bowler ever seen upon the head of man; Tristan Bernard, Mistinguett, Shirley Kellogg, these were only a few in the thick dense mass that seethed and surged on the lawns of Deauville's pretty racecourse.

ONE of the nicest events that led up to the *Grand Prix* climax was the polo gymkhana organised by Mr. F. W. Egan, who manages the polo here. Deauville had not seen anything remotely approaching it, and turned up in its hundreds. Just like Ranelagh, it was, with some wonderful riding on the part of some of the women.

UNFORTUNATELY, in the match that followed Lord Wimborne took a nasty toss. His pony slipped, and the fall resulted in concussion that kept him unconscious for some hours. However, the news of him now is of the best. He'd just taken Baroness d'Erlanger's villa, "Black and White," and was entertaining a big house-party, including the Duff Coopers, Lady Conyngham, and Mrs. Maitland.

THE blue skies and August sunshine that made themselves so late in coming have brought out bathers by the score. Every morning there's a real barricade of amateur photographers and cinema men, who await you as you step timidly from your tent, wrapped in some gaudy shawl or bright-hued cape. Mr. Solly Joel's party turns up regularly from the *Eileen*, and there is generally a contingent from Lord Dunraven's fine yacht, which is also anchored in the harbour. Miss Gertie Millar is an enthusiastic bather, and so is Peggy Marsh.

NOT content with *thés dansants*, *dîners dansants*, and *soupers dansants*, Deauville now dances upon the sands. Someone whistles or sings, or there may be a gramophone, and some twenty couples will set to, some in bathing-costume (shade of Mr. Donald Clark!), and everyone enjoys him or herself delightfully.

THE Casino grows more and more crowded. For the *Grand Prix* week-end they simply lined up in queues and then fought to get into the *Salle de Baccara*, while as for a table in the restaurant—it was worth almost its own weight in gold, if there were gold to be had, and the dinners that were given were said to have cost enough to keep a young village in food for a year.

'At the Races"

THE BYSTANDER IN DEAUVILLE (*concluded*)

IT was a strange sight these gala nights to see quiet nuns in their plain brown garb standing at the top of the staircase to collect for the children of the orphanage near by. And the smart *habituées* swept past them clad in the most wonderful garments, and unthinkingly cast a share of their winnings into the outstretched plate; for the gay gambler, though made to pay heavily for all she enjoys here, when asked to give gives freely and without stint.

"An ostrich-like frock at the Casino"

FASHIONS are filtering through from the autumn openings. The dreadful word has gone forth that we're to button up our collars in the daytime; but to counterbalance that horrid fact we're to be even more *décolleté* at night! How it is to be managed I simply cannot think. Won't the bishops be busy! And quite a few others will have a word to say, because there comes a point when charms revealed soon cease to charm, and that I suppose will lead us back to the shrouding eastern draperies that always allure.

CIRO'S here is like a little touch of London, American invasion and all! Most of the polo people dine there, preferring it to the deafening din of the Casino. Major and Mrs. Ralph Peto, Sir Cecil Barclay, and some of their guests are just a few that had gathered round the other night, and Gertie Millar and Gladys Cooper, who's one of the latest to fall a victim to the attractions of the *plage*.

NEXT week is tennis week, and we're to have the great little Lenglen and Patterson, and the two Japanese players, and most of the other stars of the tennis world. PETETTE.

"Savage eccentricity in dress"

"For the gay gambler . . . gives freely"

GOING! GONE!!

BY FRANK ELIAS

[Now that Parliament has scattered there will be general curiosity to know where Ministers have gone to spend their holidays. We have pleasure, therefore, in communicating the following information, the precise accuracy of which, however, we cannot absolutely guarantee.]

TRAVELLING very simply with only five hundred private secretaries, the Prime Minister left last week for Switzerland. Mr. Lloyd George had had to decline several offers of hospitality, including one to stay at Vendetta, Lord Northcliffe's charming little Corsican villa. The Premier, who is beginning his holiday quietly, was asked the other day if he meant to climb. "Is it possible for me to do so?" he asked in return. It is understood that after his Swiss holiday the Premier will proceed to America on a visit to Sir Auckland Geddes, from whom he has been separated for some weeks. During Mr. George's absence urgent telegrams may be addressed, "George, Washington."

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, who, by the way, has just been nominated as next year's President of the Institute of Journalistic Aristocrats, has gone to Inkerman. Here he may be seen daily—sometimes walking in pensive mood, at others—to fall into the local *argot*—out for a trotsky on his ponivitch. The rumour that Mr. Churchill is to pass the latter part of the recess on a tour of the world's wars on behalf of the *Evening News* is unconfirmed.

SIR ERIC GEDDES is spending a holiday in the Isle of Super-Man, where he is in a constant transport of delight at the grandiose views. A special tunnel was constructed from this country to enable Sir Eric to reach the island by the only means of travel which he can approve, while care was exercised to spare him the painful spectacle presented by the large numbers of persons who travelled by steamer. During his stay Sir Eric has employed himself in planning a number of new sub-ministries to be established on his return. So carefully has he developed the scheme that he is already able to assure the public that the new departments will involve the employment of not a man more than one million.

DR. ADDISON is spending the recess in a tent, having found on enquiry that there were no houses available.

THE FOOD CONTROLLER, Mr. McCurdy, is the guest of Lord Bakerloo at Doughville.

SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD, who had proposed a French holiday, has changed his plans in favour of America, and leaves shortly for Carson City. During his visit he hopes to meet President Valera, who will come specially from his residence at Moose Jaw for the interview.

MR. ASQUITH is staying at Waite-on-Sea.

COLONEL WEDGWOOD has gone to China.

COMMANDER KENWORTHY is at Axminister.

MR. BILLING is at Cooden.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE, having been granted leave of absence by the Thanet Publicity Board, is visiting the Georgian Republic.

SIR EDWARD CARSON is spending the autumn on the Orange River.

THE Home Secretary has gone away for a short holiday, while the First Lord of the Admiralty has departed for a long one.

CANDOUR! By FRANK GREY

M.P. (*visiting factory*): "What wages do you get here, my man?"

FOREMAN: "Well, that depends what you are, guv'nor; a bloke like you would get about twenty-two bob a week, I suppose."

"The Wish and the Wish Bone"

BY HEATH ROBINSON

THE CHICK PHEASANT: "Don't you wish you'd stayed at home, ma?"
THE OLD HEN: "It's not much good wishing anything now, my dear, he's copped my wishing bone"

"ANYBODY GOT

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

A KNIFE? "

Why England Lost the War

BY THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

From varied, pleasant, instructive experience, the Bystander in Berlin is going to explain why England lost the so-called War. It was the Prussic Workman! *Der Herr Arbeiter!* His thoroughness; his expertness! The B.-in-B. lately told how he bought a whole houseful of flats in order to get one flat for himself; let him now tell how this flat was cleansed and beautified in best Prussic style. The War was won by the Prussic-acid workman, not by Wilhelm the Wicked, Ludendorff, the *Moewe's* skipper, or even Count Reventlow's article, "England be D——d!"

Wars are won by genius; and genius is the art of taking pains. The Prussic workman takes pains so fiercely that he even gives them. He's thorough. *Gruendlich!* He's expert! *Sachgemaess!* Herr Decorator Rausch contracted to finish scraping, white-washing, painting, papering, glorifying the B.-in-B.'s lower-middle-class flatlet in three weeks; but he took just eight, this though the B.-in-B. saved two weeks by killing a plan to paint Prussic-blue pomegranates on his sliding doors. Herr Rausch's system was "thoroughness." *Gruendlichkeit!* When he had efficiently beautified everything except the B.-in-B. and himself, he pronounced as an expert that the pearl-grey floors were dry and hard; set down a bed, chairs, and the B.-in-B.'s embroidered slippers in a bedroom, and put newspapers underneath, explaining that the furniture might otherwise stick to the hard, dry floor. Next day he triumphantly reported that they had not stuck. They had not. But if anyone wants to read an average Prussic opinion about Herr Lloyd George and Sir Winston, all he has to do is to come to the B.-in-B.'s flatlet, and study four vicious issues of the *Lokal-Anzeiger* inseparably embellished in paint.

The electrician was even more *gruendlich!* The Herr Installator! He's spent seven sultry years in East Africa; and can say "All right, gentleman!" in unimpeachable Zanzibar-Camberwell. He spent four days hanging five chandeliers; running six metres of bell-wire along a wall; and making one contact for a table lamp. The second-mentioned work was particularly thorough—*Gruendlich!*—and he charged by the hour. As the bell didn't ring, in was summoned a second Herr Installator, who admitted that the work was done "thorough," but gibed that it was not done "expertly." "*Nicht sachgemaess!*" And did it all over again.

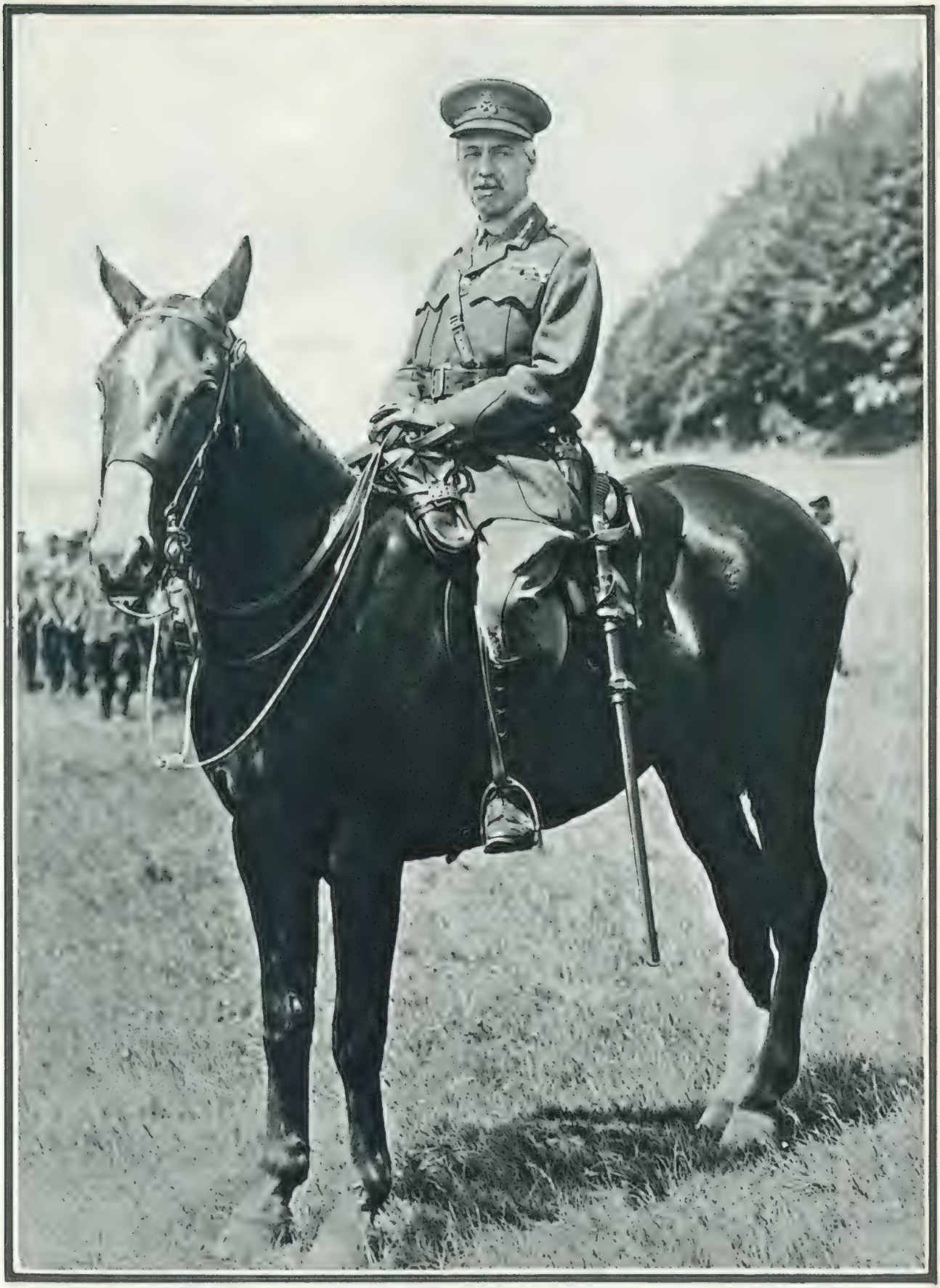
The Herr Installator's work of making a new contact for the electric lamp was almost uncannily "thorough." Prussic law requires that all electric wires be protected by tubes; and as the B.-in-B. didn't want to spoil his salmon-orange-and-ultramarine striped wall-paper, he required that, before papering, the tubes be sunk in the wall. For three days the Herr Installator, his son (in naval uniform), and a Herr Apprentice knocked plaster to bits. And they plastered in the tube. Along came a sneering Herr Decorator, and reported that the Herr Installator had forgotten to run the wire through the tube. The Herr Installator roared with laughter; and told the ignorant, meddlesome Decorator that cobblers should stick to their lasts. "Every schoolboy," he said, quoting Macaulay, "knows that wire can be run through after the tube's in place!" And he proceeded to demonstrate. *Gruendlich!* But the tube, he now discovered, was "thoroughly" full of wall-plaster; and in the wire wouldn't go. So the wall was pulled to pieces again. *Gruendlich!*

The Herr Decorator's bill was *gruendlich*. His estimate was supposed to cover everything. His bill began by debiting to the B.-in-B. the whole estimate *en bloc*, and proceeded to debit to the B.-in-B. all the estimate items separately. His explanation was that the work was done exceptionally thoroughly, and, therefore, should be paid for twice. His *Gruendlichkeit* went even farther. His estimate undertook to deliver the wall-paper at 20 marks (£1, according to the good old notion) a roll. Two hours later he vowed that he could not sell it at that price, and begged to be released. Released, he expressed undying gratitude, and introduced Herr Paper-Deliverer Krutz, who charged 26 marks. Herr Paper-Deliverer Krutz has admitted to the B.-in-B. that Herr Decorator Rausch made a secret condition that he should charge the extra 6 marks and divide the swag.

But the Prussic Workman has humour. Perish the dull Entente Propaganda-Lie that he hasn't. He can make you laugh. To-day, along came Herr Locksmith's Apprentice Kolb to open the B.-in-B.'s Czecho-Slovak's wife's writing-desk. This exotic lady loses her keys every afternoon; and she and the B.-in-B. always admire the almost uncanny speed with which Herr Locksmith's Apprentice Kolb picks the locks with skeleton keys that resemble Nuremberg torture instruments. And his care not to damage the wood-work! So this afternoon was perpetrated on Herr Locksmith's Apprentice Kolb a not very judicious witticism. As the tenth lock flew open in incomparably expert (*sachgemaess*) fashion, said the B.-in-B.'s Czecho-Slovak wife with a winning smile: "It's marvellous, Herr Kolb; now I understand how burglars do it." Herr Locksmith's Apprentice Kolb smiled derisively. "No, gracious lady!" he answered, "they don't take the trouble! They do it this way!" And with a fierce jab at the lock with his heaviest weapon he sent flying to the ceiling a six-inch strip of best rosewood veneer bought at Waring and Gillow's in apocalyptic 1914.

Now, does any miserable Bystander reader fail to understand why Germany, not England, won the so-called War?

India's New Commander-in-Chief



Photograph] GENERAL LORD RAWLINSON, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G. *[G. P. U.*

Who has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India in succession to General Sir G. C. Munro. Lord Rawlinson is fifty-six years of age and was educated at Eton and Sandhurst. He served during the Sudan and South African Wars. In 1914 he took the famous 7th Division to Belgium and remained in high command throughout the War, and in 1918, with the Fourth Army, finally smashed the Hindenburg Line

Touring the Provinces

Photograph Rita Martin

MISS STEPHANIE STEPHENS

Who is playing a leading part in "The Kiss Call," the Gaiety play now on tour in the provinces

CHERRY.

AT THE APOLLO

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a musical comedy mainly concerned with the ruling classes, that is to say, the dock labourers. The first scene is laid at an East End wharf, where we see a number of these distinguished people reclining languidly on bales and packages, waiting, as the humorist has said, for twelve o'clock, so that they can leave off—work. It is perhaps a little daring in these days to represent the worker as any other than a paragon of industry. From his own account I have hitherto gathered that the dock labourer gets through a day's work beside which the mere ten or twelve hours that people like myself have to put in out of every twenty-four, are only playing at it. It seems a little unkind of Mr. Knoblock to destroy that flattering picture with a single sweep. The foreman of the gang, Joe Waple, is a genial old fellow, who is chaffed a good deal by his men on account of his sustained affection for his wife, Liza; but he gives the other fellows as good as he gets, every time.

PRESENTLY Liza comes to the wharf bringing Joe's dinner in the usual handkerchief, which she hands to him with a proper demonstration of wifely affection. This leads up to a choice little duet, "I love my old woman—I love my old man!" which is a very pretty piece of conventional sentiment. We have the historical precedent of "My Old Dutch" to satisfy us that in the East End conjugal bliss is of the eternal variety; though I have heard that in cases where couples are

unfortunate enough to bring up at the workhouse at the finish, Darby does not protest too noisily at the disaster of being separated from his Joan. Indeed, it is even alleged that the prospect of ending his days in peace has its fascinating side for him.

CHERRY is a bright and breezy young lady of the coster class who arrives on the scene just in time to stop a pretty little fight between two of her admirers. When someone suggests that she runs some risk in going about alone, she replies that she can always protect herself, it not with her first then with her finger-nails. I had always understood that scratching your opponent's face was contrary to the prevailing code of etiquette in the East End. As it was explained to me, you may throw the other lady down and jump on her, or you may help yourself to a casual handful or so of her hair; but it isn't good form to scratch her face. The first act is largely occupied with the courtship of Cherry. She is being wooed by an enterprising young man in the ripe banana industry, named Bill, but she hesitates a good deal before finally surrendering. As soon as this little matter is settled, however, the real story begins. A bibulous tipster who knows all about Cherry pretends to identify her as Cherry Burleigh, a member of a noble family, who was lost some years previously. He claims that she is not only a lady of high birth, but of still higher bank-account. Cherry at first declines to be a party to any such scheme, but when the tempter reminds her that she will in this way have the means to educate her younger sister, who aspires to become a *prima donna*, or something like that, she agrees to give the venture a trial.

THEN Lord Ladborough and Lady Emily Staynes, his aunt, flit gracefully on the scene, and give Cherry the glad hand. They are so frightfully glad that she is to come into her own again after all these years. They take her to the Ladborough mansion in Park Lane, where Cherry plays the usual part of the fish out of water. This begins the second act, the opening chorus of which is practically that of the first act, the loafers this time being the men-servants of the establishment, who loll about on the expensive chairs and sofas till they are brought back to a sense of discipline by the butler. This part is capitally played by Mr. Clifford Morgan, who incidentally sings the best song of the evening. Cherry's chief anxiety is that in Park Lane

nobody seems to be a bit excited because it is Bank Holiday, and nobody proposes to follow the proper course on such an occasion, and proceed to Hampstead Heath.

LORD LADBOROUGH is, among other things, a confirmed Eugenist, and in the interests of the coming race he seriously contemplates proposing to Cherry. She has a good figure and splendid health, while her financial constitution is distinctly on the hygienic side. Just as the guests are arriving for dinner, Joe and Liza, the elderly couple who entertained us in the first act with the story of their constant affection (Mr. H. S. Hawkins and Miss Marie Wright), call at the house, and will not be denied. They want to see how Cherry is getting on. For themselves, they have dutifully spent the day on Hampstead Heath, and by way of giving a full account of their joyous movements, they sing a jovial duet which consists for the most part of a touching description of their travels from one well-known public-house to another.

APPARENTLY if we ever get Prohibition in this country quite a number of good people will have no occupation for their leisure hours. When the old couple have gone, dinner is announced; but while all the other guests file in to their places, Cherry prefers to remain behind. This talk of Hampstead Heath and its adjuncts has filled her mind with thoughts of Bill, and though she sings a song to the effect that she must try to forget, she clearly does not propose to do anything of the kind. Then suddenly Bill's whistle is heard without, as they say on the stage, and he is seen to be climbing through the window. He has only to suggest that Cherry should accompany him to the Heath for a moonlight dance, and her arms are about him at once.

THE last act shows us Hampstead Heath by night with its typical dances and war-cries; but I am afraid it is not particularly convincing. The characters are not very strongly drawn, so that the great contrasts between East and West which the author evidently designed to emphasise, are not sufficiently accentuated. Miss Marie Blanche does all that is possible with the part of Cherry; and her song, "It's hard to be a lady" is a nice performance done in the best musical comedy style. Mr. Wilfred Seagram is very interesting as Bill, but his costermonger is a little too much of the drawing-room variety. Mr. Melville Gideon's music has been very highly spoken of, and it is certainly responsible for much of the success of the production as a whole. But I think if the story had been told, as it were, in a louder voice, its prospects would have been brighter.

JINGLE

The Last Day of the Holiday

BY NORMAN KEENE

"Darling, will you love me when I am old and ugly?"
"Don't I?"

NEW NONSENSE NOVELS

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

NOVEL NUMBER THREE *(continued)* *ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK R. GREY*

VIII.

You Are Peter Kelly!

Within a few moments Kent was at the 'phone.

"I want four, four, four, four. Is that four, four, four, four? Mr. Throgton's house? I want Mr. Throgton. Mr. Throgton speaking? Mr. Throgton, Kent speaking. The Riverside mystery is solved."

Kent waited in silence a moment. Then he heard Throgton's voice—not a note in it disturbed.

"Has anybody found Kelly?"

"Mr. Throgton," said Kent, and he spoke with a strange meaning in his tone. "The story is a long one. Suppose I relate it to you," he paused, and laid a peculiar emphasis on what followed, "*over a game of billiards.*"

"What the devil do you mean?" answered Throgton.

"Let me come round to your house and tell the story. There are points in it that I can best illustrate over a billiard table. Suppose I challenge you to a fifty point game before I tell my story."

. . . . . .

It required no little hardihood to challenge Masterman Throgton at billiards. His reputation at his club as a cool, determined player was surpassed by few. Throgton had been known to run nine, ten, and even twelve at a break. It was not unusual for him to drive his ball clear off the table. His keen eye told him infallibly where each of the three balls was; instinctively he knew which to shoot with.

In Kent, however, he had no mean adversary. The young reporter, though he had never played before, had studied his book to some purpose. His strategy was admirable. Keeping his ball well under the shelter of the cushion, he eluded every stroke of his adversary and in his turn caused his ball to leap or dart across the table with such speed as to bury itself in the pocket at the side.

The score advanced rapidly, both players standing precisely equal. At the end of the first half hour it stood at ten all. Throgton, a grim look upon his face, had settled down to work, playing with one knee on the table. Kent, calm but alive with excitement, leaned well forward to his stroke, his eye held within an inch of the ball.

At fifteen they were still even. Throgton, with a sudden effort, forced a break of three; but Kent rallied, and in another twenty minutes they were even again at nineteen all.

But it was soon clear that Transome Kent had something else in mind than to win the game. Presently his opportunity came. With a masterly stroke, such as few trained players could use, he had potted his adversary's ball. The red ball was left over the very jaws of the pocket. The white was in the centre.

Kent looked into Throgton's face.

The balls were standing in the very same position on the table as on the night of the murder.

"I did that on purpose," said Kent, quietly.

"What do you mean?" asked Throgton.

"The position of those balls," said Kent. "Mr. Throgton come into the library. I have something to say to you. You know already what it is."

They went into the library. Throgton, his hand unsteady, lighted a cigar.

"Well," he said, "what is it?"

"Mr. Throgton," said Kent, "two weeks ago you gave me a mystery to solve. To-night I can give you the solution. Do you want it?"

Throgton's face never moved.

"Well?" he said.

"A man's life," Kent went on, "may be played out on a billiard-

table. A man's soul, Throgton, may be pocketed."

"What devil's foolery is this?" said Throgton. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that your crime is known—plotter, schemer that you are, you are found out—hypocrite, traitor. Yes, Masterman Throgton, or, rather—let me give you your true name—*Peter Kelly*, murderer, I denounce you!"

Throgton never flinched. He walked across to where Kent stood, and with his open palm he slapped him over the mouth.

"Transome Kent," he said, "you're a liar."

Then he walked back to his chair, and sat down.

"Kent," he continued, "from the first moment of your mock investigation I knew who you were. Your every step was shadowed, your every movement dogged. Transome Kent—by your true name, *Peter Kelly*, murderer, I denounce you."

Kent walked quietly across to Throgton, and dealt him a fearful blow behind the ear.

"You're a liar," he said, "I am not Peter Kelly."

They sat looking at one another.

At that moment Throgton's servant appeared at the door.

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

"Who?" said Throgton.

"I don't know, sir; he gave this card."

Masterman Throgton took the card.

On it was printed—

Peter Kelly.

IX

Let Me Tell You the Story of My Life

For a moment Throgton and Kent sat looking at one another.

"Show the man up," said Throgton.

A minute later the door opened, and a man entered. Kent's keen eye analysed his as he stood. His blue clothes, his tanned face, and the extraordinary dexterity of his fingers left no doubt of his calling. He was a sailor.

"Sit down," said Throgton.

"Thank you," said the sailor, "it rests my wooden leg."

The two men looked again. One of the sailor's legs was made of wood. With a start Kent noticed that it was made of East Indian sandalwood.

"I've just come from Java," said Kelly, quietly, as he sat down.

Kent nodded. "I see it all now," he said. "Throgton, I wronged you. We should have known it was a sailor with a wooden leg from Java. There is no other way."

"Gentlemen," said Peter Kelly, "I've come to make my confession. It is the usual and right thing to do, gentlemen, and I want to go through with it while I can."

"'Thank you,' said the sailor, 'it rests my wooden leg'"

"One moment," said Kent; "do you mind interrupting yourself with a hacking cough?"

"Thank you, sir," said Kelly, "I'll get to that a little later. Let me begin by telling you the story of my life."

"No, no," urged Throgton and Kent, "don't do that!"

Kelly frowned. "I think I have a right to," he said. "You've got to hear it. As a boy I had a wild, impulsive nature. Had it been curbed——"

"But it wasn't," said Throgton; "what next?"

"I was the sole relative of my uncle, and heir to great wealth. Pampered with every luxury, I was on a footing of——"

"One minute," interrupted Kent, rapidly analysing, as he listened, "how many legs had you then?"

"Two—on a footing of ease and indolence. I soon lost——"

"Your leg," said Throgton. "Mr. Kelly, pray come to the essential things."

"I will," said the sailor. "Gentlemen, bad as I was, I was not altogether bad."

"Of course not," said Kent and Throgton, soothingly. "Probably not more than 90 per cent."

"Even into my life, gentlemen, love entered. If you had seen her you would have known that she is as innocent as the driven snow. Three years ago she came to my uncle's house. I loved her. One day, hardly knowing what I was doing, I took her——." He paused.

"Yes, yes," said Throgton and Kent, "you took her?"

"To the Aquarium. My uncle heard of it. There was a violent quarrel. He disinherited me and drove me from the house. I had a liking for the sea from a boy."

"Excuse me," said Kent, "from what boy?"

Kelly went right on. "I ran away as a sailor before the mast."

"Pardon me," interrupted Kent, "I am not used to sea terms. Why didn't you run *behind* the mast, or behind the jib or something?"

"Hear me out," said Kelly, "I am nearly done. We sailed for the East Indies—for Java. There a Malay pirate bit off my leg. I returned home, bitter, disillusioned, the mere wreck that you see. I had but one thought. I meant to kill my uncle."

For a moment a hacking cough interrupted Kelly. Kent and Throgton nodded quietly to one another.

"I came to his house at night. With the aid of my wooden leg I scaled the wall, lifted the window, and entered the billiard-room. There was murder in my heart. Thank

(*Continued on page 562*)

The Bystander "Cairo to Cape" Flight

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

No. XX.—THE END OF THE FLIGHT: ARRIVAL ON TABLE MOUNTAIN

God, I was spared from that. At the very moment when I got in, a light was turned on in the room, and I saw before me—but no, I will not name her—my better angel. 'Peter!' she cried, then with a woman's intuition she exclaimed, 'you have come to murder your uncle. Don't do it.' My whole mood changed. I broke down and cried like a—like a——"

Kelly paused a moment.

"Like a boob," said Kent, softly; "go on."

"When I had done crying we heard voices. 'Quick,' she exclaimed, 'flee, hide; he must not see you.' She rushed into the adjoining room, closing the door. My eye had noticed already the trap above. I climbed up to it. Shall I explain how?"

"Don't," said Kent, "I can analyse it afterwards."

"There I saw what passed. I saw Mr. Throgton and Kivas Kelly come in. I watched their game. They were greatly excited and quarrelled over it. Throgton lost."

The big man nodded with a scowl. "By his potting the white," he said.

"Precisely," said Kelly, "he missed the red. Your analysis was wrong, Mr. Kent. The game ended. You started your reasoning from a false diæresis. In billiards people never mark the last point." (The board still showed ninety-nine all.) "Throgton left, and my uncle, as often happens, kept trying over the last shot—a half-ball shot, sir, with the red over the pocket. He tried again and again. He couldn't make it. He tried various ways. His rest was too unsteady. Finally he made his tie into a long loop round his neck and put his cue through it. 'Now, by Gad!' he said, 'I can do it.'"

"Ha!" said Kent. "Fool that I was."

"Exactly," continued Kelly. "In the excitement of watching my uncle I forgot where I was, I leaned too far over and fell out of the trap. I landed on uncle, just as he was sitting on the table to shoot. He fell."

"I see it all!" said Kent. "He hit his head, the loop tightened, the cue spun round, and he was dead."

"That's it," said Kelly. "I saw that he was dead, and I did not dare to remain. I straightened the knot in his tie, laid his hands reverently across his chest, and departed as I had come."

"Mr. Kelly," said Throgton, thoughtfully, "the logic of your story is wonderful. It exceeds anything in its line that I have seen published for months. But there is just one point that I fail to grasp. The two bullet holes?"

"I landed on uncle, just as he was sitting on the table to shoot"

"They were old ones," answered the sailor, quietly. "My uncle in his youth had led a wild life in the west; he was full of them."

There was silence for a moment. Then Kelly spoke again.

"My time, gentlemen, is short." (A hacking cough interrupted him.) "I feel that I am withering. It rests with you, gentlemen, whether or not I walk out of this room a free man."

Transome Kent rose and walked over to the sailor.

"Mr. Kelly," he said, "here is my hand."

X

So Do I.

A few days after the events last narrated, Transome Kent called at the boarding house of Miss Alice Delary. The young Investigator wore a light grey tweed suit, with a salmon coloured geranium in his buttonhole. There was something exultant yet, at the same time, grave in his expression, as of one who has taken a momentous decision affecting his future.

He sat down for a moment on the stone steps and analysed himself.

Then he rose.

"I *am* acting for my happiness," he said, and rang the bell.

"Miss Delary?" said a maid, "she left here two days ago. If you are Mr. Kent the note on the mantelpiece is for you."

Without a word (Kent never wasted them) the Investigator opened the note and read:

"Dear Mr. Kent,

"Peter and I were married yesterday morning, and have taken an apartment in Java, New Jersey. You will be glad to hear that Peter's cough is ever so much better. The lawyers have given Peter his money without the least demur.

"We both feel that your analysis was simply wonderful. Peter says he doesn't know where he would be without it.

"Very sincerely,

"Alice Kelly.

"P.S.—I forgot to mention to you that I saw Peter in the billiard room. But your analysis was marvellous just the same."

. . . . . .

That evening Kent sat with Throgton talking over the details of the tragedy.

"Throgton," he said, "it has occurred to me that there were points about that solution that we didn't get exactly straight somehow."

"So do I," said Throgton.

Nonsense Novel Number IV. will begin in the next issue, September 8, and be completed in the following one.

The First Meet of the Season

MR. W. THOMPSON'S OTTER-HOUNDS ON THE LUNE

HOUNDS CROSSING THE RIVER

Photographs] A WELL-EARNED REST AT UNDERLY BRIDGE *[Sport and General*

Mr. W. Thompson's pack hunts, among other Westmorland rivers, the Wharfe, Aire, Derwent, and Lune. They are here seen on the occasion of the first meet of the season, when the Lune was searched for otters. The river was, however, very full and there was no kill

"EXILED HOME"

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

NATURALLY, England does not want them. At best, they are aliens doing a job that her own sons could do as well or better, which alone is sufficient reason for dispensing with their services. At worst they—or their fathers or husbands—were born on the soil of the Fatherland, and, though they *may* be loyal enough citizens of this country—*quien sabe*?

WITH equal justice, Germany declines to welcome them. At best, they cast the dust of the Fatherland from their feet many years ago, have been imbued with foreign ideas and traditions—have even lived amongst the enemy, free or interned, during the war, and now come back to eat the bread of, and compete in the labour market with, the countrymen they voluntarily abandoned. At worst, they have lost all love for the land of their birth and even given that love to the enemy. So their halting, stiff German and strange customs are looked upon with suspicion and their reception is cold. For their part they find German manners hard to acquire—call them "dam' formal rot" and "not good form."

THUS it comes about that most of them gravitate to that corner of Germany where they can still keep in touch with the spirit of the land they have lived in so long, and a fresh element is added to the cosmopolitan compound which makes the population of Cologne the Anglo-German.

WE have all of us met them there, many of them barbers and waiters who speak English as well as we, and German nearly as badly. When one is "just out," or back from holidays or leave at home, they seem to sense it at once. They find a happiness in using the old names and talking of the old spots that is something more than mere tradesman's patter. "Go to Brighton at all? Any luck at Goodwood? Did you dine at the Carlton? Where's Robey now?" They roll the familiar names lovingly round their tongues and we suppress the smile that comes involuntarily at hearing them from a German! There is even one barber's shop in Cologne where the German assistants talk English amongst themselves.

"Barbers who speak English as well as we"

MANY of us have had amusing experiences, not untouched by pathos, in connection with Anglo-Germans. Not long since, an officer stopped his car to ask his way—in German, of course—of a little bullet-headed, close-cropped, sun-browned kiddie in a village in the Bergischen Land. "I don't know where Schloss-Dickewurst is—I'm English—lived three years in Pimlico," came the answer. "So's mother—only Dad's a Boche—but he's all right." What did he do? "Go to school and punch the ruddy Boche's head for him." Wasn't so bad when an English machine gun section was there, but they'd "gone on demob," months ago. No, he didn't like it. "Alley-man no bon" was the final verdict of this quaint little champion of a country whose tongue he could not speak perfectly in a strange land which he must now make his own.

IT was at the July meeting of the Cologne British Gymkhana Club that a man was overheard chatting in broad Cockney to a Tommy. "I've no use fer these ere Totalisators," he said, "Give me the good ole British bookie."

Another civilian tapped him on the arm.

"Fancy seein' you 'ere," he remarked. "When did you come? This 'ere your boy?"

"Naow," came the answer. "Me boy's at 'ome, out of khaki now. Got a job in 'Ampstead. This 'ere gentleman's billeted on me 'ere. Lemme interdooce—Private Learoyd—Mr. Guggenheimer. *Mr. Guggenheimer an' I 'aven't seed each other since we was interned together fer two years in the Isle of Wight!*"

IT must be uncomfortable between the upper and the nether millstone—yet the Anglo-Germans crowd into Rhineland to cling to the former.

ERIC GORDON.

BY H. L. OAKLEY

"Stopped his car to ask his way of a bullet-headed kiddie"

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again"

BY THORPE

(AT LEAST WE HOPE IT WILL BE LIKE THIS!)

Mr. John W. H. T. Douglas, who will captain the England XI in Australia

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

FROM THE ISLE OF UNREST

A pretty snapshot taken at Florence Court, Co. Fermanagh, of Viscountess Cole and her two daughters, the Hon. Ann and the Hon. Frances Cole. Viscount Cole served during the War with the North Irish Horse, and is the son and heir of the Earl of Enniskillen. Lady Cole is the second daughter of Mr. Alfred Miller, of Shipley Hall, Derby

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE BYSTANDER

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *August* 30

DEAR COUSIN—

OFTEN wonder, I do, why we don't all emigrate right away, these troublous autumn days, to some sunnier and more peaceful clime. Take a cruise around the South Sea Islands, for instance, like Mr. Compton Mackenzie, or hie us hurriedly to somewhere far from the din of post-War squabbles—California, Australia, China, or even India's coral strand. Where, at the worst, they don't, anyway, *combine* strikes and shivers, or fighting with frost.

AND oh! the lovely restfulness of those long sea voyages that so many lucky eastward and westward and southward-bound pilgrims are setting out on just now. The days and days and weeks and weeks of nothing to do but just eat and sleep and talk and read, and—yes, perhaps—

When the world is full of night,
And the moon reigns alone,
And drowns in silver light
The known and the unknown—

perhaps even to play a little at the oldest game in the world, and I needn't tell you what *that* is.

DON'T know whether it's the surroundings or the seclusion or what, but there's something somehow about ships, isn't there, that seems rather to stimulate and favour and foster and generally encourage a certain aptitude at . . . what I was talking about? Take the Royal Navy, for instance—

Well, you know what sailors are,

from "snotties" and single-stripers to those with four, or more,

"Quite simple meals will be dearer"

"Have to walk to work"

BUT there seem to be compensations for everything, somewhere. And if we envy now and then the happy exiles overseas, they (if they stay away long enough) always; if we're to believe them, are wistfully or desperately envious of us. And spite of all the tropic glories of their adopted lands, still and ever at the bottom of their hearts long, with a deep longing, to be back once more where—

The little hills of England rise around;
The little streams that wander from them shine,
And with their names remembered names entwine
Of old renown and honour, fields of blood,
High causes fought on. . . .

DISTANCE does help, of course, to lend enchantment. And could easily do with just a bit of idealising and veiling in a golden haze, so to speak, methinks, the view, vista, or prospect here in England now. Which includes first, foremost, and, by all accounts, quite soon, something really rather extra special in the way of strikes. Appears the miners are simply fearfully worried about our having to pay so much for coal, so they're asking for another

two shillings a day wages (which, of course, would make it dearer still), and same time for the price of best Wallsends and Derby Brights and things to be

Luxuries like champagne, which you can't even begin to ever *dream* about these days unless you're a profiteer—or, perchance, a miner"

cut down quite a lot. Who says the toiling masses haven't got a subtle sense of humour, after all, what?

卐 卐

And as our Government for once seems brutal and callous and horrid enough not to give 'em *quite* everything they want, looks as if we'll have to do for a bit without not only coal, but railways. Be forced in the end, I expect, to walk everywhere instead of riding—and won't be altogether sorry, either, because it'll be the only way to keep warm, in this autumn of our discontent! And if it only goes on long enough, there won't be any work going anywhere, *or* food, or anything.

卐 卐

So they say, anyway. But—luckily, I suppose—there are some things one simply can't stretch one's imagination to grasp, and one of 'em's that food really *could* be going to be dearer than it is now. Quite simple kinds of meals, I mean, and not including the luxuries like champagne, which you can't even begin to ever *dream* about these days unless you're a profiteer—or, perchance, a miner.

卐 卐

As Alfred Lester sings in *The Shop Girl* at the Gaiety—

These days and those days!
It's rather a change, you know.
It's not very long ago,
Though it seems like an age or so.
These days and those days!
It's rather a dirty trick,
When they charge you more
'Cause you won the War—
It's a bit too thick.

Talking of the War—the old War, I mean—I'm afraid that now the tumult and the shouting have died, it's not only the 190,000 unemployed fighting men Lord Haig is appealing for that have got rather side-tracked, so to speak, and banished from even the remotest corner of the ever fickle public mind. Still in the hospitals there are many wounded, on whom once we used positively to shower gifts and entertainments and motor drives, anything they wanted and more than they wanted. But now . . . .

卐 卐

It's a good thing, of course, not to have too perfect a memory for most of the tragedies of life—else we could hardly go on at all, save the very young and the very brave. But this, surely, is one always, always to be remembered. These are the men who helped to save England, who for her sake have borne in some ways more, even, than our glorious dead. Let us remember them. And I am asked to say that if anyone is in doubt just how to help, they can find out from the "Not Forgotten Association," a new society, run by Lady Haig, of which the secretary is Miss M. Cunningham, of 46, Ladbroke Road, W.

卐 卐

New wars, too, seem to loom daily on the horizon of this unrestful holiday season of 1920. "Mespot" alone, that we've been calling up officers for at shortest notice, is to be, according to one critic, a job every bit as big as the South African war. And what with troubles in Persia and the Huns rampant in East Prussia, and no one knowing what'll happen next in Poland—looks as if we're going to have our hands pretty full again before the corn's all reaped and harvested

卐 卐

But are we downhearted, or even the least bit disturbed or deranged in the rule and routine of our well-ordered lives? A thousand times no England stands ever where she did. Still Mr. Councillor Clark inspects mixed bathing at Blackpool and Llandudno "in the interests of our Imperial race." Still the Bishops issue infallible pronouncements on the birth rate and divorce—no doubt for the same excellent reason. Still Oxford discusses regretfully why it is that Cambridge has less culture, and Cambridge alludes more in sorrow than anger to the "Oxford manner." . . .

Mespot' alone that we've been calling up officers for at shortes notice"

卐 卐

Always keep our heads cool and clear, don't we—even if we do sometimes get our seasons just a little mixed?

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette.

Draw the cork, & Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky will sing its own praises.

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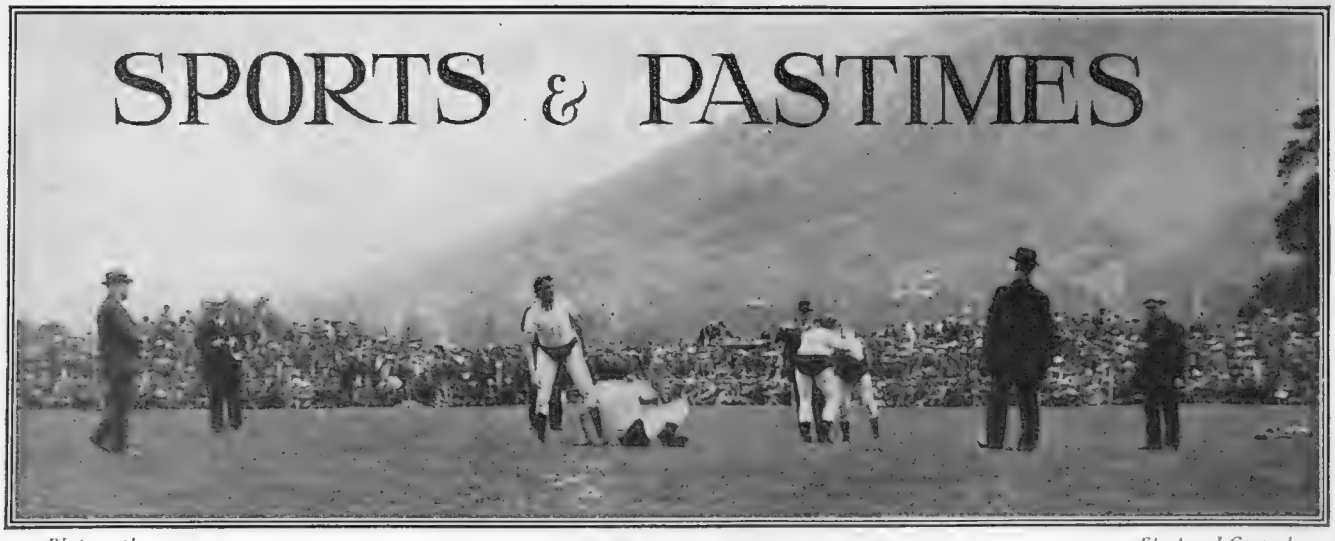
The Government has so mismanaged control that it is not worth while selling fine Whisky in the Home Market. That is why a lot of Haig & Haig is being exported instead of being sold at home.

HAIG & HAIG LTD., Head Office 57, Southwark St., London, S.E. 1.

SPORTS & PASTIMES



Photograph *Sport and General*

GRASMERE SPORTS

A view of the arena during the progress of the Heavy-weight Wrestling contests. These sports are the great athletic event of the year in the Fell country

CRICKET

The Percentage Muddle

THE remarkable thing about the flaw in the method at present in use of determining the positions of the counties in the County Championship is that such a long time elapsed before it was discovered. Since its discovery the papers have, of course, been full of it and of all sorts of proposals for getting rid of it. Nor is there much doubt that before another season comes round a change of some sort will have to be made.

Why Some System is Wanted

THERE are a certain number of people, it is true, who hold that cricket is not a game which lends itself to percentages and decimals, and would be quite satisfied if there were no Championship table. But the County Championship is now a recognised institution, and if you have a County Championship you want to know which is the champion county. The majority, both of those who take part in the championship matches and of those who look on at them, want to know this. A definite result must be arrived at somehow. There are other games besides cricket in which the method of deciding a championship is by no means ideal, but as long as it is the recognised method it must count until a better one supersedes it. You cannot abolish it and leave nothing in its place.

Photograph *Sport and General*

R. R. RAWSON (Great Britain)

Winner of the Olympic Heavy-weight Boxing

Photograph *G.P.U.*

L. RAYMOND (South Africa)

Winner of the Olympic Lawn Tennis Singles

The Best Solution

I REGARD it as distinctly unfortunate that the method of scoring which was tried last year, *i.e.*, percentage of games won to games engaged in, happened to synchronise with another experiment—two-day instead of three-day matches—which was obviously a failure. I believe that if it had been persevered with when three-day matches were reverted to it would have been found to work well. It would appear, however, that the practice of allowing points in an unfinished match to the side which was leading on the first innings has come to stay, and, that being so, it would seem that the best way of getting rid of the existing flaw is to provide that where a match is decided on the first innings the maximum of points obtainable shall be two (instead of five, as it is now), and that two points should be awarded to the winning side. This does away with the existing anomaly by which a win on the first innings may possibly put a side in a worse instead of a better position, and is about equally fair for both sides.

P. F. Warner's Adieu

THE news that this is P. F. Warner's last season of first-class play has been received on all sides with genuine regret, for there is no more popular personality than the Middlesex captain in the whole of cricket. There is, however, much satisfaction in the thought that he goes out in a blaze of glory after one of the most successful seasons that the county which he has led so ably has ever experienced.

Photograph *Sport and General*

G. W. BUTLER

Winning the 1600 metres Relay Race for Great Britain in the Olympic Games. B. G. D. Rudd (South Africa) was second

usually volleys a good deal, for electing to play Kumagae at his own game and making good thereat.

British Successes

THE representatives of Great Britain did better than was expected of them, and especially gratifying was the victory of Max Woosnam and O. G. N. Turnbull in the men's Doubles. They beat the Japanese pair, Kumagae and Kashio in the final. The ladies' Doubles also went to England, thanks to the clever combined play of Mrs. McNair and Miss K. McKane. H.S.S.

P. HODGE (Great Britain)

First in the 3000 metres Steeplechase at Antwerp He won very easily

LAWN TENNIS

A South African Triumph

BY his victory in the men's Singles at Antwerp last week, L. Raymond, the young South African, gained a welcome and unexpected win for the British Empire in the Olympic lawn tennis contests. In the absence of the Australian crack, Gerald Patterson, (who was entered but did not turn up) everything pointed to a win for the Japanese player, I. Kumagae who was "ranked" officially last year as the third best player in America, where he has resided for some time, and has beaten, amongst others, the present world's champion, W. T. Tilden. Moreover, Kumagae came through to the final at Antwerp without losing a set, and beat Raymond's compatriot, Winslow (who is usually regarded as being about on a par with him) quite easily in the semi-final; whereas Raymond's passage to the final was by no means an easy one. However, in the final Raymond played as he had never played before, and beat Kumagae after a very hard struggle by three sets to one—all of them close. Kumagae is mainly a base-line player, and he is possessed of sufficient pace and skill to keep a volleyer away from the net, so that great credit is due to Raymond, who

Photographs *Central News*

F. K. FOSSE

The wonderful American pole-jumper, in the act of achieving his winning leap in the Olympic Games of 13ft. 5in., which is a world's record

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

A VETERAN: JOE BUTTERS By "The Tout"

Who is our subject this week, must surely be the oldest trainer now on the active list at Newmarket. His St. Leger candidate next week is "He Goes" and the horse has, moreover, been well "reported" in his gallops recently. What a triumph for Joe if he pulled off the last big classic. Anyway, here's luck, and, if not this year, to another "Mushroom" next spring

Unlucky Archaic

It was bad news which Mr. George Lambton had to give me of Archaic on the Ebor Handicap day. The colt had been taken to York with a view to having a striding gallop on the Knavesmire. Many went out on to the course before breakfast; but there was no Archaic. A little later his trainer told me that he had been obliged to send the colt home without giving him the intended gallop! It appears that a rather mysterious trouble, which affects the heels of horses, had suddenly seized upon Archaic, and affected his action. I asked his trainer whether he thought the misfortune would seriously affect the colt's St. Leger preparation, and I gathered that Mr. Lambton took a serious view of the situation.

St. Leger Prospects

The absence of Lord Derby's colt from the St. Leger field will considerably detract from the interest of that race. For some time past there have been persistent rumours, too, that all is not well with Spion Kop, but I sincerely hope that there is nothing in those reports. You can well imagine that in these circumstances owners and trainers of colts who would have been long-priced outsiders are now becoming hopeful of winning the great prize on the Town Moor. Felix Leach thinks he has a very fair chance of doing the trick with Orpheus or Mount Royal. The fact that Steve Donoghue is wanted to ride Mount Royal shows that his prospects are thought to be full of promise. Silvern is one whom we cannot possibly leave out of the reckoning, but my choice in the absence of Spion Kop would be Black Gauntlet. Lord Wyfold's big, workmanlike colt is likely to stay the course, and I have an idea that he possesses more than a touch of genuine class.

The Ebor

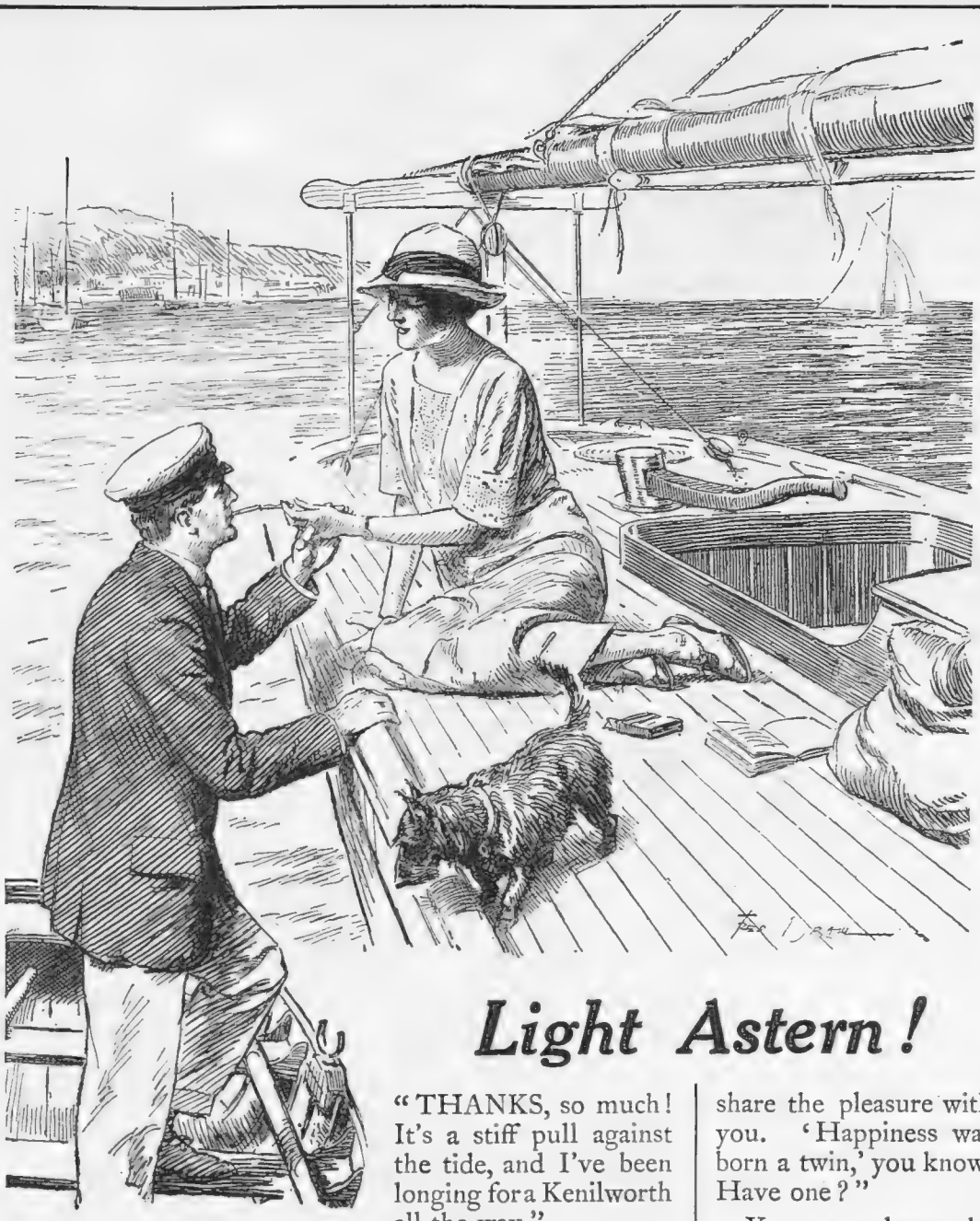
What a scramble it was in the ring at York on the Ebor day! If you wanted to get from one side of the enclosure to the other you had simply to fight your way through well-nigh impenetrable masses, and many gave up the attempt after one or two efforts. Records were again broken. One of the favourites did not win the Ebor, but quite a lot of people benefited by the success of Iron Hand. As the property of the local M.F.H., Captain Harry Whitworth, the colt was certain to have a big following on the Knavesmire. Mr. "Jock" Fergusson, who trains him, is one of the shrewdest of racing men, and I fancy he had satisfied himself that Iron Hand possessed a splendid chance at the weights. Manilardo ran extremely well, for it was asking a lot of the horse to make the running under 9st., but he happened to strike against a useful horse in the lightly-weighted winner.

At Derby

Plenty of interesting racing will be seen at Derby this week. The first nursery handicap of the season will be run there, and we should see some instructive results. There are a number of trainers who make their plans with a special eye to the nursery season, and, apparently, they make the system pay them well. The Peveril of the Peak Plate on Thursday will be of great interest. Horses that will not stay a mile on some courses have a good chance over the very easy mile at Derby. Thus Diadem will probably have to be seriously reckoned with. My selection, however, is **Orpi**, a North Country colt who possesses a fine dash of speed.

Prince Edward Handicap

At Manchester at the end of the week the great attraction will be the Prince Edward Handicap. Will Keysoe atone for her failure at York? She seems to me to possess an excellent chance of carrying off this prize, for the horses at the bottom of the handicap are, apparently, of small account, and I think she can beat the top-weights. I vote, therefore, for **Keysoe**. For the Palatine Nursery on Friday my selection is **Sally Lunn**, while the Ellesmere Handicap may be won by **Daniella**.



Light Astern!

"THANKS, so much! It's a stiff pull against the tide, and I've been longing for a Kenilworth all the way."

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

THE publishers of *Queen Lucia* (Hutchinson: 8*s.* 6*d.* net) describe Mr. E. F. Benson's new heroine as "a delightful creation worthy to rank with the immortal Dodo." Mrs. Lucas is certainly a woman well worth reading about, but she is anything but delightful. Riseholme is a village and Mrs. Lucas is its self-styled queen, an exacting, posing, exasperating, ignorant, and selfish sovereign who deserves to be dethroned. Her chief A.D.C. is one Georgie Pillson, an elderly bachelor who lives, as it were, in a band-box, as delicate as his own china pieces, inclined to find things "tarsome," not very brave. Her dearest friends and rivals are Mrs. Quantock, who is constantly changing her religion, Lady Ambermere, a quite detestable viscountess, and old Mrs. Weston whose bath chair is ubiquitous.

❀ ❀

THE Queen cannot bear rivalry, which is unfortunate, for when a famous opera-singer settles in this village of culture, a delightful woman whose last wish it is to usurp any throne, dreadful things happen. The faithful Georgie secedes—though not without many pangs—Riseholme becomes less and less loyal, and the Queen herself makes mistake after mistake. (And no queen should make a mistake.) It is all quite ludicrously funny, a right joyous entertainment which never flags, whether the "high-caste" Guru or the spiritualistic Russian "princess" or the latest outburst of local culture is dominating the scene. Mr. Benson revels in this sort of backwater comedy. His humour dances lightly amongst these silly people, incredibly silly people, you would imagine, did you not know that Riseholmes exist by the dozen, and when the dance music stops, you feel genuinely sorry.

AFTER reading Miss C. Nina Boyle's novel *Out of the Frying Pan* (Allen and Unwin: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) you wonder whether you have not by mistake taken up a story by the late G. A. Sala or one of his contemporaries. It is so oddly old-fashioned, not only in its characters but also in its construction and development. It is a story of Crime (with a very big C) and I doubt whether any recent book has contained so many astounding villains. The title is apt, for poor Maisie Pleydell seems fated to spend her blameless life amongst the scum of the earth. A nice lady obtains for her a position in a continental hotel when Maisie is deserted by her mother, but you know what those continental hotels can be—at any rate in books—and Maisie is "good," and out she is flung. Then she meets her mother, a quite shocking person who drinks and runs a gambling establishment with some nasty friends of her own. (Also she takes a leaf out of Mrs. Warren's book.) Then, when the mother most fortunately dies, Maisie unwisely goes to her father in England. But it is into the fire with a vengeance, for Dick, the Toff, can give points to all the villains from Jonathan Wilde to Fagin and Bill Sikes. And you have to wait until page 200 for the really nice man who is coming to the rescue. But he does come at last, and although Maisie is still fated to brave many dangers, the really nice man is there for a husband when the proper time comes.

❀ ❀

MISS BOYLE'S terrific melodrama is not nearly so *outré* as it sounds, for with her old-fashioned models she works with creditable care, and there are passages of real humour and pathos such as you don't often find in stories so gory as this. Perhaps her next attempt may leave all villainy alone, though *Out of the Frying Pan* is readable throughout.

❀ ❀

I PRESUME that in writing *Who's That a-Calling* (Stanley Paul: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) Kate Horn wished to show up the horrors of drug-taking, but although she may point an excellent moral, she does not adorn very much of a tale. (And surely the newspapers have given us enough of the harrowing details.) The novel has little to commend it. There are the usual unpleasant people — the degenerate mother, the rich money-lender, the shell-shocked officer who is a temporary victim, and the dear innocent from the country brought into it all for very obvious and very horrible reasons. The chapters follow one another at the same dreary level, and your interest is never fully aroused.

Photograph] ENGLAND'S POLO TEAM IN THE MAKING [*W. A. Rouch*

In the series of trial matches which have been played recently between England and the Rest, this team representing England beat the Rest, to whom they were conceding 4 goals, at Hurlingham by 10 goals to 9. Left to right: Lord Dalmeny, Lord Wodehouse, Major V. N. Lockett, Lt.-Col. H. A. Tomkinson

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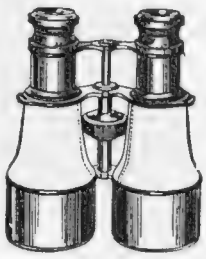

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The BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

"TROUBLESOME DAYS"

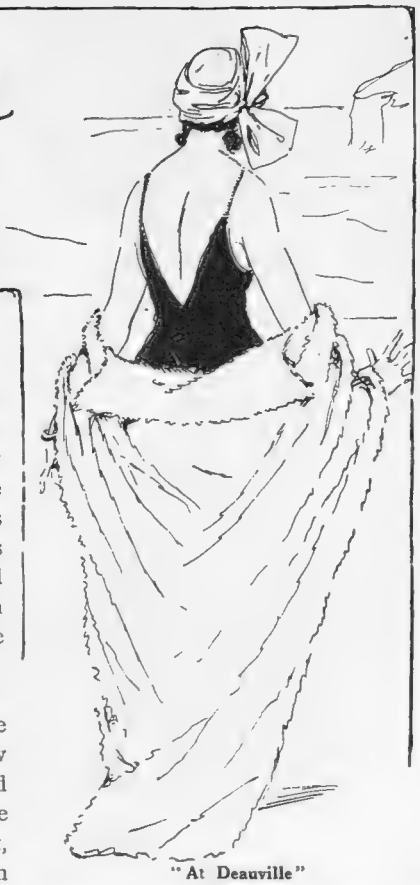
MES AMIS—

THE life is very uncertain in Paris in these days, *n'est ce pas?* It may be that one has planned to go to Deauville for a week, and while one writes a cheque for the voyage one's friend shoots one in the back so as to have the money to go alone, because for two people it is impossible that one should have enough to pay the prices they demand down there. Or, perhaps, it is that one's wife writes romances and poems and practises the spiritism and she wishes to have more advertisement of her books, so she shoots one also and packs one's body in a trunk and sends it to Nancy by the train.

OR it may be that someone proposes to you a little affair of business, and will sell some beautiful diamonds if one does not ask too many questions about where they have come from. But in the cab as one goes to the rendezvous he pulls out the revolver and demands the money which you have in your pocket to pay for the diamonds without wishing to make any exchange, except, perhaps, a bullet. In the case where that has happened it has been the other one who has ended by being shot, but one does not always have such luck.

THERE are ever so many other ways, too, in Paris just now that one may be killed. In the newspapers every day one finds a new one. There has been the man, for instance, who has had a discussion with his wife, and because she would not agree with him he has thrown her out of the window into the street. Then there was the other who wished to marry his niece, and because her mother has objected he has shot them all three in the Avenue Kleber, which is otherwise a very respectable street.

BUT nearly all these affairs are very badly done. Look how the lady who has sent her husband to Nancy has been almost at once discovered. It has been bad luck, that, because you know it has been almost the first time that a trunk has ever arrived so quick at Nancy on our railways. She would have done so much better to have sent it on the railway of the State, because then it would have been quite sure never to have arrived for weeks, and she could have gone quite safely to Mexico. Also, she has made the mistake to talk too much about how badly her husband has behaved. Our Landru would never have made such a mistake. Look how he has disposed of all his ten *fiancées* without to say a word to anyone.



"At Deauville"

"Practises the spiritism"

JUST now our Landru is very happy. All day he spends in the office of his prison where he can pretend he is engaged on the great affairs. And so he is, because all the time he is writing his reply to the report of the professors that they have discovered the bones of his *fiancées* among those of the chickens and sheep and moles and sparrows in his garden at Gambais. There are many people who think that it would be very wise to release him from prison and let him write notes in reply to M. Lenin,

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

because now that the President Wilson is ill there is no one who can write notes so cleverly as Landru. Also, he has so many qualities of the same sort as M. Lenin, and is not at all particular how many people are killed while he has his way.

THERE is also another thing that makes him very content. He says how he has always been an anti-feminist, and believes that woman's place is the home, and it has been real luck that he has not had the poetess among his *fiancées*. Of what would have happened if he should have had an affair with her he shudders to think.

EVERYONE has got so afraid to be shot that now it is become the fashion for all to carry revolvers, and even our *élégantes* carry one in their platinum *sacs*. It is like the nations which are always arming themselves to frighten each other and prevent war, so that in the end they have a war just to show how well they are armed. Even our taxi-drivers are decided to carry their brownings, because some of them have had the misfortune to be shot by their customers whom they were taking home late at night. Now, too, they declare that they will refuse to drive anyone who does not have a clean collar and look respectable, and perhaps it will be when you come over that your cabman will look at you with suspicion and tell you, "Remember, monsieur, that I am armed." Yet one would have thought that our taxi-drivers killed enough people without having need to shoot.

'Except, perhaps, a bullet."

EVEN I think they are more dangerous than our bandits, for there is not any morning that one goes along the boulevard that one does not see two of them having an argument with a policeman watching and one of the cabs all smashed up. Usually they end by going to the café and having a *bock* while their cabs stand in the middle of the street, so that no one else can get past.

BUT the life is all upside down, as you see, and because they have decided that there are too many people killed by shooting, some of our Deputies in the Chamber are trying to make a law that anyone who fights a duel shall be sent to prison afterwards. In doing that they have, perhaps, a great deal of sense, because it is usually the Deputies themselves who fight duels, and perhaps some of them do not like to get up early in the morning and go out to Vincennes with a doctor and some friends and stand up to be shot at as if they were at the *poteau*.

FOR me, I should far prefer to have to fight a duel than to be put in a trunk and sent to Nancy, or that someone else should go to Deauville with my money after having shot me in the back. Yet I begin to think that perhaps it would be quite popular to do the shooting oneself, and then one might be able to go to Deauville, where it is ever so gay and all the great world amuses itself with less excitement and fewer casualties than here on the Paris front.

PHILIPPE

'Thrown her out of the window"

ΦA.E.

Muratti

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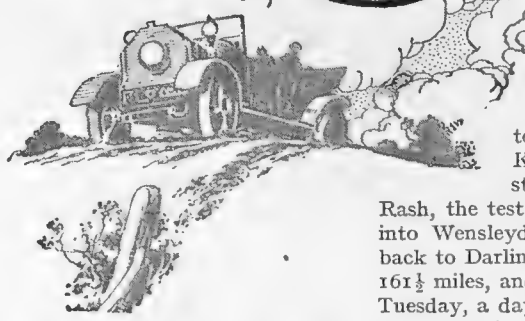

LAST week all motorists' eyes were turned Darlington way, for this town was the centre from which the annual Auto-Cycle Union six days' trial of motor-cycles and "three wheelers" radiates north, south, east, and west, not in that order, by the way, as the trials actually finished down south on the Brooklands track on Saturday. One of the principal objects of this competition is to improve these handy machines, and as no fewer than 140 entries have been made for the trial it would seem that the trade realise the need for such a severe test of these machines in order to discover the weak points upon them, and let us hope better them. Last year I bumped round the Llandrindod Wells—732 miles in a side-car—on these trials, rightly named both for flesh and bones as well as for the "pony" engines. This year—well to be perfectly frank—I skipped the full course, and only cut into it here and there on my little 10 h.p. Fiat, which, by the way, has yet found no hill it cannot tackle easily. Even then it was quite strenuous enough, and my views were shared by most who participated in the event by the time they had finished the 918¼ miles—that is those that were left in the running. The unfortunates who broke down or lost an excessive number of marks, expressed their sentiments more strongly. It was a splendid idea to finish up the road trials with 6¼ miles of fast speed work on the track, after the severe knocking about the pot-holes and mountain road hazards the bikes and side-cars had experienced for five days.

* * *

AFTER all the competitors arrived at Darlington on Sunday, had their machines examined, sealed in spots, and generally surveyed by the officials, they pushed off at eight o'clock on the Monday morning to proceed to Ilkley for lunch by way of Northallerton, Pateley Bridge, and Otley, where, after climbing the Chevin and over Rombold Moor, they halted for lunch. After an hour and a quarter thus well spent, they proceeded to Bolton Abbey, to Kettlewell, and up the steep hill called Park Rash, the test of the day in that line, into Wensleydale through Richmond back to Darlington, having completed 161½ miles, and everybody jolly tired. Tuesday, a day amongst the Pennines and Yorkshire moors *via* Reeth, Hawes to Ingleboro' for lunch, a zigzag sort of a course, including Semmer Lodge and Askrigg hill, two steep "pimples" of nearly 2,000 ft. between Reeth and Feetham. After lunch came the tunnel at Clapham—no connection with London city—and a steep climb up to Malham Turn, and another teaser, a grass-covered hill at Darnbrook House back to Darlington through Kettlewell, Askrigg, and Richmond.

* * *

SOME of them had jibbed a bit the day before, so Wednesday's less mountainous route eased the tired riders' bones. That is to say at the start, but after proceeding along a flat road to Guisboro', southward through Castleton on to Glaisdale moor and Rosedale Abbey, the road suddenly rose up in front of you like a cliff on to Spenton moor, the most difficult climb in the trials. Then after lunch at Thirsk there was some 35 miles and a bit of a spring-breaking, back-aching road full of water splashes, pot-holes, and rough as you can imagine, so everybody was "forrit" again. Boltby Bank was the steep hill that afternoon, and the way home was through Ingleby, Greenhow, and Yarm. On Thursday, a circular route to Penrith for lunch, over Lunedale to Brough and Kirby Stephen, and down Shap. After lunch, climbed up from nothing to 2,000 ft. to Alston, the highest town in England, and over the moors of South Durham back to Darlington *via* Wolsingham and Bishop Auckland, not forgetting Tow Law.

* * *

WITHOUT wishing to say a word against Darlington, by this time everybody was fed up with it, and glad to know that this day we were trekking south. Our route lay through Catterick Bridge, Carlton, over a hill to Kettlewell, through Ilkey by Keighley Gate, and climbing Harden Bank to Huddersfield for luncheon. From this city a non-stop run had to be made with a timed hill climb on the road to Glossop, and from thence to Buxton and Lichfield. Under the shade of the Cathedral I took an "easy" before proceeding to Kenilworth. There the officials and competitors split into two parties, one proceeding to Warwick and the others to Leamington, as neither place could accommodate us all together. This was a 200¼ mile run this day, but as it was a short trip on the Saturday to Brooklands, a matter of 113½ miles only, even for those who had stopped the night before at Coleshill and 17½ miles less for those leaving Warwick or Leamington, no one minded. Through Banbury, Oxford, Henley, Maidenhead, Windsor, Staines, Chertsey to Brooklands is too well known to talk about, but I will say this, all those machines and riders and drivers who have got through this trial deserve all the medals they got, and I can honestly declare that the public can buy with confidence any of these machines. If they could stand this trial they can stand any ill-treatment.

OLD HY.

A "WOLSELEY" COUPÉ
On the banks of the River Stour near Christchurch

Miss Violet Loraine on a "UNIBUS." Notice how complete the protection for both rider and mechanism.

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Femina

IN NO-MAN'S-LAND

CAN you take a holiday? "It all depends on my banking account," is the obvious, but not the correct answer. May I point out that it depends on nothing of the kind, that holiday-making is a gift as rare as the gift of music, or of speech, or of any other priceless possession which one man has by the grace of God, as it were, and others covet, or, at least, pay to enjoy? Unfortunately, the holiday-making gift is not so accommodating. It is of little use to anyone but its owner, and it cannot be imparted at will. You know nothing about holidays just because you have banged your front door and pulled down the blinds. Your body may have gone seawards, or anywhere else you took it to; but what has become of your soul?

MINE, you will notice, is the attitude of the superior person, like the man who didn't play the fiddle, but felt sure he could if he tried. Never having had any real holidays, I feel I know all about the proper way of enjoying them, and, at the risk of boring you, I propose to moralise about it. After all, what is the use of opinions unless you can air them, and what better time than the present, when there is nothing going on but the prospect of another war or two, and a general paralysis of trade? People have danced at the foot of volcanoes, at the edge of precipices, on the verge of disaster. We may never have another holiday; let us make the most of this one.

REAL holidays are not for people like myself, who offer their opinions for sale, week by week. They may not be real opinions, either, but that is not to the point. The newsmongers may travel, but travelling does not make a holiday. Wherever they go, they are busy collecting impressions, revolving always on the outside of reality. To pick up here and there, from sheer force of habit, ingredients for your weekly pudding, is not to enjoy a holiday, still less to go on thinking round and round the little subjects that should have been left at home in a safe or a desk. It requires an effort of the will to do this, and nobody does it. But everybody begins. Everybody chooses some place to go to, engages rooms, packs, travels down in discomfort, and settles down to enjoy himself. But, having omitted to leave behind his thinking apparatus, he does not enjoy himself.

AND yet, in No-Man's-Land, there is nothing to remind us of ourselves. With its covered-in terraces, its lounges, stuffily pompous with plush and palm, its white and gold dining-rooms, the "Palace" and its humbler brother

(*Continued on page 584*)

By Norman Keene

"Shouldering willingly the same obligation to be charming"

For out-door wear: Two Modish Models from Paris.

IN MOLE-COLOURED SATIN
A robe trimmed with silver-grey satin

IN MOLE-COLOURED SILK
A knitted dress with a waistcoat of cream

Models, Dorat
Photographs, Henri Manuel

Exclusive to The Bystander

FEMINA (concluded)

(expressing the same spirit if not the splendour) are places where no one has lived intently, or felt acutely. The vagueness of the impressions which the hotel shelters is reflected in its meaningless wall-papers, its wide, empty mantelpieces, and hideously impersonal furniture. Hideous, did I say? In these days, when everybody has taste of a sort, its determined avoidance of any style whatever is a beauty and a virtue, and the hotel-keeper himself a philanthropist.

OBSERVE his untiring efforts to help you to get away from yourself. His hotel *menu*, always exactly what you would expect; his drawing-room, where a restful boredom hovers over every couch; his reading-room, with its table littered with the back numbers of *l'Illustration* for cosmopolitan tastes and bound volumes of . . . . . for the British, to say nothing of artistic, gilt-edged productions, illustrating the beauties of other hotels, productions which I have never met elsewhere, are all so many helps to forgetfulness. Who could remember in No Man's Land that there is such a thing as art, as literature, as decoration and the housing problem? Who would not feel his cares slipping away with his opinions on the neutral, palm-decorated ground of the lounge?

AND yet, and yet, do we take advantage of these immense, these immeasurable benefits? Do we ever slip the burden? I see about me faces turned out by the beauty-specialist, wreathed in the usual becoming smiles; beautiful ladies shouldering willingly the same obligation to be charming; the same clothes as carefully thought out, but this time from the country's point of view; the same faultless front turned, as ever, to the world. No one has called a truce. We still labour unceasingly as if this were the season, as if it were important to impress the party next door with our distinction, our social advantages, or merely our Rolls-Royce. Isn't this September and holiday time, perhaps the last holiday before the old order changeth. . . . To what? Nobody knows.

CANDIDA

By MRS. JACK MAY

Tempting Tweeds

WHERE these fabrics are concerned the manufacturers have verily surpassed themselves. Perhaps the cleverest efforts are those fancies that are checked or striped in several colours, yet give the general impression in the near distance of a solid colour. Almost it is permissible to think that a ploughed field has been more or less responsible for these brownish productions, discerning eyes perceiving the multifarious colours that go to the making of this apparently solid whole. A close investigation perceiving dull pinks, greens and even blues in their blurred expression of adroit weavings.

AN ADMIRABLE TWEED SUIT
The belt, revers, and facing to the upper pockets are of brown suède cloth, and the hat of brown plush trimmed with black wings
Original design by "Beta"

On the other hand there are huge, clearly defined checks, stripes, and waved patternings, frequently black on grey, or a mingling of both on some vivid ground of orange green, mauve, rust, copper and flame. Not the most daring of expressions but has its place in the *galère*, and, what is so tantalising, they are one and all so covetable. But *prenez garde*, for the fact must be faced that anything of ultra pronounced character, marks its wearer down if worn incessantly. Given, however, a sufficiently well-equipped wardrobe to ring the changes, then it is indeed irresistible to indulge in a boldly-patterned tweed.

An Original Model

AND "Beta" encourages this indulgence in her original suggestion for a Moor suit, expressed in blue homespun with over check in browns and black. The belt, revers and facing to the upper pockets are of brown suède cloth, and the hat of brown plush trimmed black wings. Now this is a model replete with character and distinction, and yet withal eminently practical, with its big poacher's pockets, easy fitting coat and deep armholes, to allow of absolute freedom should the wearer elect to carry and use a gun.

And, of course, "the" thing this season is to have a long enveloping cloak to match such shooting suits, a stripe material such as is depicted, being used cross-ways for a deep yoke, and probably the reverse way for a deep bordering to fronts and hem.

(*Continued on page 586*)

Ciro Pearls

ECONOMY IS THE WATCHWORD OF THE NATION

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Put them beside any real pearls or any other artificial pearls, and if they are not equal to the real or superior to the other artificial pearls, no matter what their price may be, we will refund your money if you return them to us within seven days.

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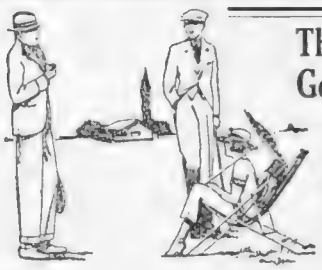

There's Lots of Good Holiday Wear

in your last season's Flannels, Sports Suits, Weatherproofs, and with Franco-Barbe Cleaning, Tailor Pressing and Repairing, if necessary, these garments can renew their first appearance at a very small outlay. No garment is too old for attention, so look them out now and send to Castlebank.

Ask for Fleur-de-Lys No. 6 (mentioning Department B.W.), an interesting little magazine price list giving details of the exclusive Franco-Barbe process, and the Castlebank Service for men. Post your parcel to Department B.W., Castlebank Dyeworks. In a day or two you get a pro-forma invoice with any necessary advice.

Castlebank Dyeworks
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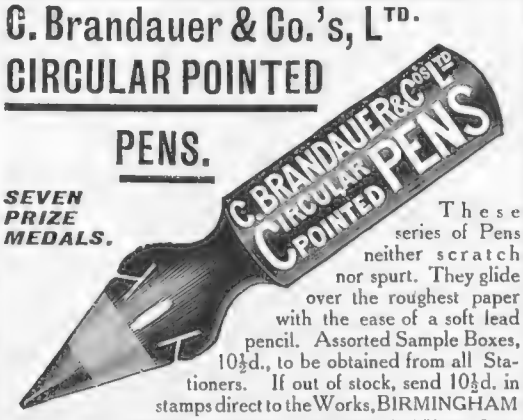
C. Brandauer & Co.'s, LTD.
CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.



These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 10½d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 10½d. in stamps direct to the Works, BIRMINGHAM

Attention is also drawn to their Patent Anti-Blotting Series

London Warehouse: **124, NEWGATE ST., E.C.**

'Fetish' LADIES' SHOES

No. 1613

'Fetish' shoes are distinguished by an exquisite beauty of style combined with utility. The Windermere model in black glacé as above is also made in Navy Blue, Havana Brown & Battleship Grey glacé, Black, Grey, Fawn and White Buckskin and patent leather.

MANUFACTURED BY
W. E. Fox & Co. Fetish Shoe Works, Leicester, England.
OBTAINABLE FROM HIGH-CLASS SHOE RETAILERS ONLY.

'Fetish' The Hockey Shoe

STAYNES LEICESTER

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

the former throwing open with the suède cloth revers.

The Very Newest Perfume: What Is It?

I WILL tell you. Le Lilas Bleu. And not only is this perfume quite new, but it is also the most seductive imaginable, being at once exquisitely fragrant and delicate, just the genuine flower extract so highly concentrated that a few drops suffice. Monsieur George, of 34, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., who is the proprietor of this perfume, will have small need to go to the highways and byeways to proclaim its presence, since it is of the quality that will quickly make fame for itself, the more so, perhaps, since the price is most reasonable, ranging from 5*s.* 6*d.* the bottle.

Other similarly refined scents to be procured here include Le Parfum Chic, particularly *distingué*—a subtle concentrated extract of Chypre, Indian poppy—notably characteristic and individual—Jonquille, Rose Rouge, and Origan. And for two shillings, post free, Monsieur George will send a sample bottle of any one, or six varieties for 11*s.* 6*d.*—an altogether admirable arrangement that has already found the heartiest appreciation.

MISS WYNDHAM-QUINN

Presents the "Polo Monthly" Cup (given by Mr. W. L. Goldsmith) to the Captain of The Pirates, who defeated Hillbrook by 5 goals to 4 in the Final of this competition held at Nine Acres, Phœnix Park, Dublin, last week

A New Michelin Guide

The latest volume of the "Michelin Guide to the Battlefields of France" has just reached me. This volume deals with the First Battle of the Somme, and is one of the most interesting of this admirable series. It is, of course, beautifully got-up and finely illustrated with photographs and plans. The price is 4*s.* net, and it is obtainable from the Michelin Tyre Company, Ltd., 81, Fulham Road, London, S.W., or through any first-class bookseller.

A Pleasure to Write With

The R.34 Perpetual Point Pencil is an attractive nickel model, equipped with handy pocket clip. Its thin diameter lead requires no sharpening. A slight turn of the barrel to the right forces the lead out to the required length. A supply of "Velvet" leads in thin diameter are contained in the metal tube, which fits snugly in the barrel. They are exceedingly strong, extraordinarily smooth, and exceptionally velvety. These "Velvet" leads do not break when inserted. They do not crumble. The selling price is 2*s.* 6*d.* each and they are obtainable at all first-class stationers.

WHY SHOULD A WOMAN LOOK OLD?

when it is possible to remove immediately painlessly and permanently, the marks of age, worry or ill-health from the face by a simple scientific process, known in England as the Hystogen Treatment. Since the last 10 years over 5,000 men and women in this country, including some of the most prominent social and professional leaders, as well as famous theatrical beauties, all of whom are aware that a youthful appearance is a modern necessity, have benefited by this treatment, without the aid of which many would have been compelled to retire into inactivity of life. The Hystogen Treatment must not be compared with the old-fashioned Beauty Treatment consisting of massage, electricity, toilet creams, plasters, etc.; it is the only system which actually and instantaneously removes from the face all marks of age and restores the beauty of youth. Any reader of this paper who is interested in this exclusive and scientific treatment should call for a free consultation at the Institute and convince herself of the truthfulness of this statement. The treatment cannot be applied at home and at least one personal visit for treatment is necessary.

Try this simple experiment and prove the truth underlying this new method. Stand in front of your mirror and with your finger tips smooth up the loose skin as shown in this illustration; you will then see what a wonderful difference even this slight alteration makes in your appearance—yet it is but an indication of what is accomplished every day without the least inconvenience.

The following imperfections can be corrected permanently from within one hour. The treatment is absolutely painless and harmless and does not leave any marks.

Ugly Frown Furrows	Baggy Chin Flabby Neck	Projecting Ears
Mouth-to-Nose Lines	Fallen, Bulging Eyebrows	Drooping Mouth Corners
Flabby, Wrinkled Eyelids	Hollow Cheeks	Exaggerated Expression Furrows
Crow's Feet Wrinkles	Imperfect Facial Contour	Thin Arms, Elbows and Shoulders
Warts, Red Veins, Moles	Sickly, Sallow Skin	Large Pores, Freckles
Unsightly Noses — Saddle Nose, Turned-up-Nose, etc.	Unrefined Complexion	Obesity, etc.
Red Nose, Blotches	Prominent Collar Bones	
	Sagging Cheeks or Face	

Call or write for booklet—"Facial Perfection" (sent sealed on receipt of 6d. for postage)
Hours, 10 to 5. Closed Saturday afternoons.

THE HYSTOGEN INSTITUTE,
17, Baker Street, London, W.1. Established 1907.
(Near Portman Square).

"The Burlington" Reg

Summer's Favourite Shoe.

For this well-known and highly appreciated Brand of Ladies' Footwear we have been awarded the certificate of the Institute of Hygiene.

It is supplied in a wide variety of stylish, perfect fitting Boots and Shoes. Welted.

SHOES.		BOOTS.	
Glacé Kid	35/6	Glacé Kid	41/6
Box Calf	34/6	Tan Willow Calf	48/6
Tan Willow Calf	39/6		

Freeman, Hardy & Willis Ltd
Head Office & Warehouse, Rutland St. Leicester

Our New Illustrated Style Book free on request

Ask for C.229 35/6

To Permanently Kill Superfluous Hair.

Reader explains how to prepare and use at home the simple new absorption process by which she avoided danger and pain of the cruel electric needle. Why prescriptions, appliances, acids, lotions, and similar remedies should be avoided

To Readers of THE BYSTANDER.

At a medical conference held in Paris just prior to the war, numerous eminent physicians cited cases which prove beyond doubt that since the discovery of a new and simple absorption process, superfluous hair has become as unnecessary as it is repulsive. It was also explained how electrical processes always stimulate hair growth, how pulling with tweezers, and how acids, caustic pastes, and other worthless remedies only affect surface hair, which soon grows again.

A reader kindly tells in this article how she killed the roots of her superfluous hair by a simple home absorption process after the electric needle, acids, pastes, etc., had all failed

Then the distinguished physicians told how anyone can now prepare and use at home a simple liquid which immediately creeps down through the hair shaft (just as oil creeps up a lamp-wick), dissolving hair as the liquid is absorbed. Thus the entire hair structure from socket to root and papilla may be dissolved out of existence, so there is nothing to grow again. The liquid acts only upon hair, and is harmless to the most delicate skin and tissues, as a test will quickly prove; but the liquid must not be allowed to touch desirable hair, as I know of no way to restore life to roots thus destroyed.

When I see daily so many women with perfect features who would be radiantly beautiful were it not for hideous growths of ugly hair upon lips and chin, I always wish I could tell them how easily they could recover their natural heritage of delicate feminine charm and attractiveness.

I shall, therefore, be only too happy to send literature in regard to the preparation and use of the marvellous liquid explained at the conference, which it was my privilege to attend. If any woman reader of THE BYSTANDER cares to send me her name and address, plainly written, together with two penny stamps for return postage, I shall be pleased to send, in plain sealed envelope, full particulars, without charge of any kind, so women readers can use the new process in the strict privacy of their own boudoirs. Have correspondence brief as possible, and do not write to thank me after hair is destroyed, as my time is greatly limited. I can agree to answer but one person in each family, and correspondence will be considered strictly confidential.

K. B. FIRMIN.
(Dept. 23 G), 193-197, Regent Street, London, W.

STEREOSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHY

BY

Daylight, Artificial Light or Flashlight

A free illustrated brochure on an intensely interesting subject.

Those interested in stereoscopic work should write for our 36-page illustrated brochure of the Jules Richard Stereoscopic Specialities. In addition to giving full information about the Verascope and Glyphoscope it is invaluable to all stereoscopic workers, for it contains detailed information and prices of accessories and apparatus suitable for use with stereoscopic cameras of any make of the same size.

Stereoscopic photography has been greatly simplified by the advent of the Jules Richard Verascope and Glyphoscope which may briefly be described as cameras that see with two eyes instead of one, and which record objects in their true and natural form as in nature.

They are both exceedingly light and portable. The Glyphoscope the ideal stereoscopic camera for the beginner costs only **£3 15 0**, whilst the Verascope, suitable for more advanced workers, ranges in price from **£14 0 0** to **£52 8 0**.

Send for your copy of this invaluable brochure to-day. It will be sent free and per return for the asking

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Arrangements have been made to enable readers to secure reproductions of photographs appearing in the "Daily Graphic." These photographs may be obtained at the following prices in Matt or Glazed finish:

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6 x 4, 2/-; 8 x 6, 2/6; 10 x 8, 3/6; 12 x 10, 5/-; 15 x 12, 7/6.

MOUNTED.

6 x 4, 2/6; 8 x 6, 4/-; 10 x 8, 5/6; 12 x 10, 8/6; 15 x 12, 12/6.

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6/- per dozen.

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Photographic Department,
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SIX YEARS OF CONTINUED SUCCESS

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Specialises in
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AIREDALES
TRAINED COMPANIONS
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At the Junction of Caledonian Canal and West Highland Railway. Accommodation for 100 Guests. Garage. IP. R.S.A.C. and A.A. Appointments.

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grown and kept so by the original

CURLASH CREAM

1/-, 1/9 and **3/6**, (post. 2d. extra. You may be offered IMITATIONS. INSIST on CURLASH, the genuine.

Of Selfridge's, Harrod's, Boots and Chemists everywhere.

THE B. Y. BALDWIN MFG. CO., LONDON, W. 1.

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BAGGAGE TAGS.

Tag your trunk on both handles—you will find it at the journey's end. Dennison dealers everywhere have baggage tags. We make 8,000,000 tags a day.

Write to Dennison Manufacturing Co., Ltd., (Dept. 6), Kingsway, London.

59 What Next ?

THE MENU

FISH COOKERY

Mackerel à l'Italienne

Clean the fish well, cut off the heads and tails, and put them in a saucepan to stew, with some stock and a wineglassful of white wine (the liquor must cover the fish) a few slices of onions and carrots, a bunch of sweet herbs, a little salt and some nutmeg. When cooked enough, take out the fish, strain the gravy, and thicken with a brown roux, adding a little Parisian essence and a large tablespoonful of tomato sauce. Pour over the mackerel and serve.

Sole or Fresh Haddock à la Belgique

Have the fish filleted, either the sole or fresh haddock (but the latter is excellent cooked in this way and is cheaper), remove the skin, and put two or more picked shrimps or prawns (in tins) in the middle of each fillet, fold each side over and place on a greased baking-tin, cover with greased paper, and cook in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. Boil 3 ozs. of macaroni or spaghetti twenty minutes, drain, and put back into a stewpan, stirring in 1 oz. of grated cheese and a tablespoonful of milk. For the sauce: Melt 1 oz. of margarine, stir in 1 oz. of flour, and half-pint of milk and water gradually. Let this sauce simmer for five minutes, then add one tablespoonful of unsweetened condensed milk, some lemon juice, a little salt and cayenne pepper. Dish the macaroni in a ring on a hot dish, lay the fillets of fish on this, and cover well with the sauce. Any shrimps or prawns that are left over should be heated up in the sauce and put in the centre of the fillets. Decorate with finely-chopped parsley and serve.

A Simple Way of Cooking Cod-Fish

Put into a fireproof dish some margarine, and, when melted, cover with a thick layer of sliced Spanish onions. On the onions put 1 lb. of cod, either in the whole piece, or cut up rather small. Cover with a thick layer of sliced potatoes, white pepper and salt, and pour in nearly a pint of milk. Cook in the oven until the potatos are soft and slightly brown on the top. Serve in the dish in which the fish was cooked.

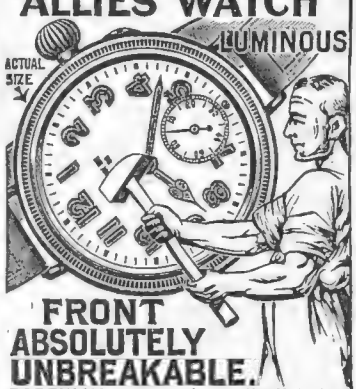
Dressed Crab

Pick the crab to pieces and empty the shell, remove the unwholesome parts, put the meat in a basin with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two of oil, a dust of white pepper, and a small pinch of cayenne. Pound well together and put back in the shell. Serve garnished with parsley, and arrange the claws in a ring round the dish. Serve with brown bread and butter.

A Fish Savoury

Chop finely the remains of any cooked fish, such as sole, turbot, or cod, and mix it with 1 oz. of butter or margarine, a few grains of cayenne, and a dessertspoonful of anchovy essence. Let this mixture simmer gently for about five minutes, then spread it on rounds of hot-buttered toast, sprinkle over each round a few picked shrimps and serve. This is a very nice savoury. EMILIA.

SMITH'S ALLIES WATCH



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Very Fine Quality, Fully Jewelled Lever Movement, Fully Compensated, Timed in Positions, Heavy Cases with best Expanding band, 18-ct. or 9-ct. Gold throughout from £10 10 0
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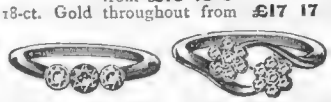

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RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast and After Dinner.
In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

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Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1/ 2/6 & 4/6.
J. Goddard & Sons, Station Street, Leicester.

Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc. The Standard Remedy for over 40 years
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A Good Skirt for Knockabout Wear, 30ins. long. 32 to 33in., 11/9; 34in., 12/9, postage 9d.
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2/- to 40/-.
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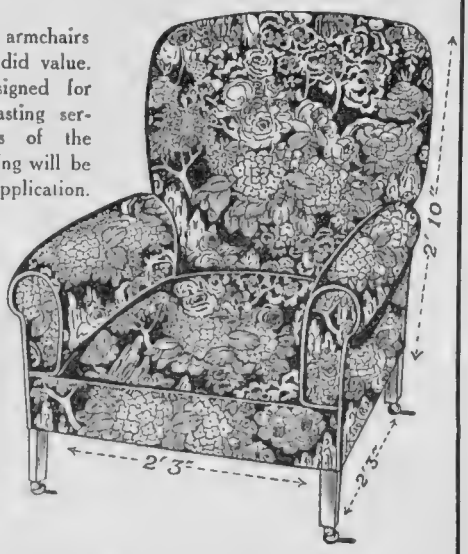
Gorringes

Special Offer of Easy Chairs

These cosy armchairs represent splendid value. They are designed for comfort and lasting service. Patterns of the Cretonne covering will be sent free on application.



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100 EASY CHAIRS, covered in heavy Repp Cretonne. Worth £5 : 5 : 0 To be cleared at, each **69/6**

The REPP CRETONNE with which these chairs are covered can also be supplied separately by the yard. Handsome floral design on White or Jaspé ground. Ideal for loose covers and curtains. 31 ins. wide. Usual price, 4/3. Special price **2/11**

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Little GIRL'S COAT in fine Hopsack, trimmed brushed Hopsack in fancy stripes.

Size for 2 years	92/6
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In shades of electric blue, light saxe, purple and fawn

HAT to match, price 35/9

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(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

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By Appointment.

Soft Knitted Fleecy Wool CAPE

This delightful Wrap is particularly useful and becoming, light in weight, but very warm and comfortable.

KNITTED WOOLLEN CLOAK.

A new and original garment, made of very soft yarn and knitted to give the effect of accordion pleating, very warm but light in weight and made in a wide range of colours such as Jade, Cerise, Cherry, Navy, Copper, Pale Blue, Pale Pink, Lemon, Apple Green, Black, White, etc.

Price 7½ Gns.

FURS AT SPECIAL SUMMER PRICES including all the new shapes adapted from the latest Paris models made from this season's selected skins.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

CHIFFON VELVETEEN

TEA FROCKS

THERE is every reason to believe that Chiffon Velveteen will be very scarce during the coming winter, so much so that manufacturers are now rationing supplies to their customers. We were fortunately able to buy a large stock of this fashionable fabric last Spring at prices much below present day values. This advantage we propose to give to our customers and we have now in stock a large number of most attractive Chiffon Velveteen Tea Gowns, all of which are moderately priced.

"RUBY"

USEFUL AND WARM TEA-FROCK, in rich Chiffon Velveteen. Magyar bodice and new draped skirt, lined throughout to give the looped effect at foot, trimmed with fur. In a good range of colours and black.

PRICE

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In Chiffon Velvet 12½ Gns.

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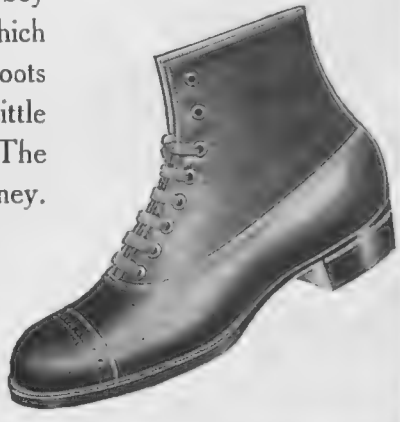
SMARTNESS, durability and comfort—this desirable trio are permanent features of "Little Duke" Footwear for boys.

Another point of vital importance is the fact that "Little Duke" footwear is designed so as to permit full natural development of the feet. *Your* boy will never pay the penalty which tight and incorrectly shaped boots exact in after life, if he wears "Little Duke" Footwear *NOW* — The Footwear that is *worth* the money.



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The SUPER BRAND **Spinet** MIXTURE AND CIGARETTES

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Only The HOOVER lifts the carpet like this and beats it.

OPEN fireplaces scatter soot and ashes which soon become deeply embedded in carpets. Frequent and proper cleaning is necessary to remove this harmful, buried dirt. Only The Hoover, in a single electrical operation, beats, sweeps and cleans carpets, reviving crushed nap and prolonging their useful life. Hoover accessories too, provide a means for dusting and air-cleaning upholstered furniture, portieres, etc. If you have electric light you can use The Hoover. It attaches to wall-plug or lamp-socket, is made for every standard voltage from 32 to 250, and costs about a penny an hour to operate.

Write to-day for illustrated booklet describing the wonderfully easy Hoover way of keeping homes clean. The Hoover Suction Sweeper Co., Ltd., 288-292 Regent Street, London, W.1.

The HOOVER

It Beats—as it Sweeps—as it Cleans.

Government Flannel

Have you bought yet?

THE whole nation is buying this flannel. In the short time that it takes you to read this advertisement a thousand yards have been sold. Don't wait and say "I wish I had." Be able to say "I'm glad I did." There will *not* be sufficient of this flannel to supply everyone's needs, even in spite of the vast amount for disposal. Thousands are going to be delighted with the flannel, and thousands disappointed by their failure to secure a share.

THIS WEEK'S DELAY will be NEXT WEEK'S REGRET

UNION Flannel	WOOL Flannel	FINE ANGOLAS AND WORSTEDS	KHAKI Flannel
3/4 Per Yard	3/11 Per Yard	3/11 Per Yard	3/11 Per Yard

In a large variety of natural shades and pale creams, greys and blues. Mainly 30 ins. wide.

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FREE.—Realising that thousands of yards of this beautiful flannel will be bought for the express purpose of making up into shirts, nightgowns, pyjamas, etc., we have made arrangements for a special "Suggestion Book of Uses" to be given gratis to all purchasers of the flannel. This booklet gives instructions and diagrams for the cutting of your own paper patterns. Special descriptive booklet for Baby's Garments.

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UP-TO-DATE FOOTWEAR.

E.B. 1339.
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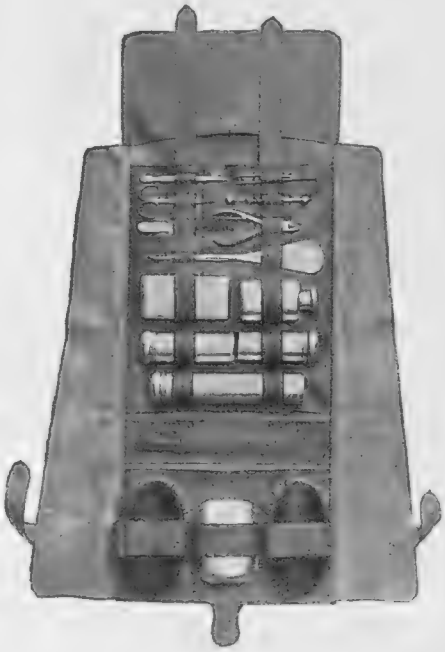

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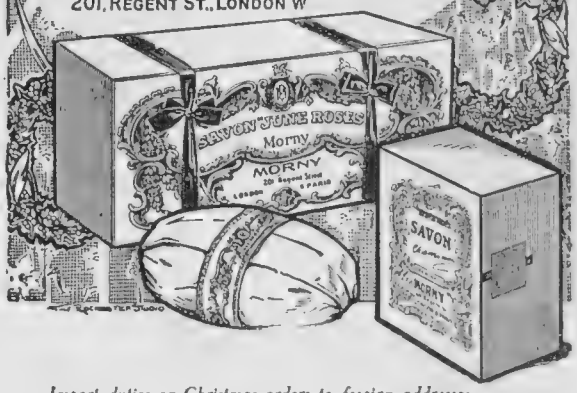

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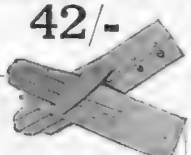

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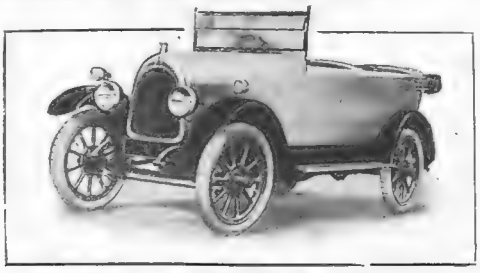

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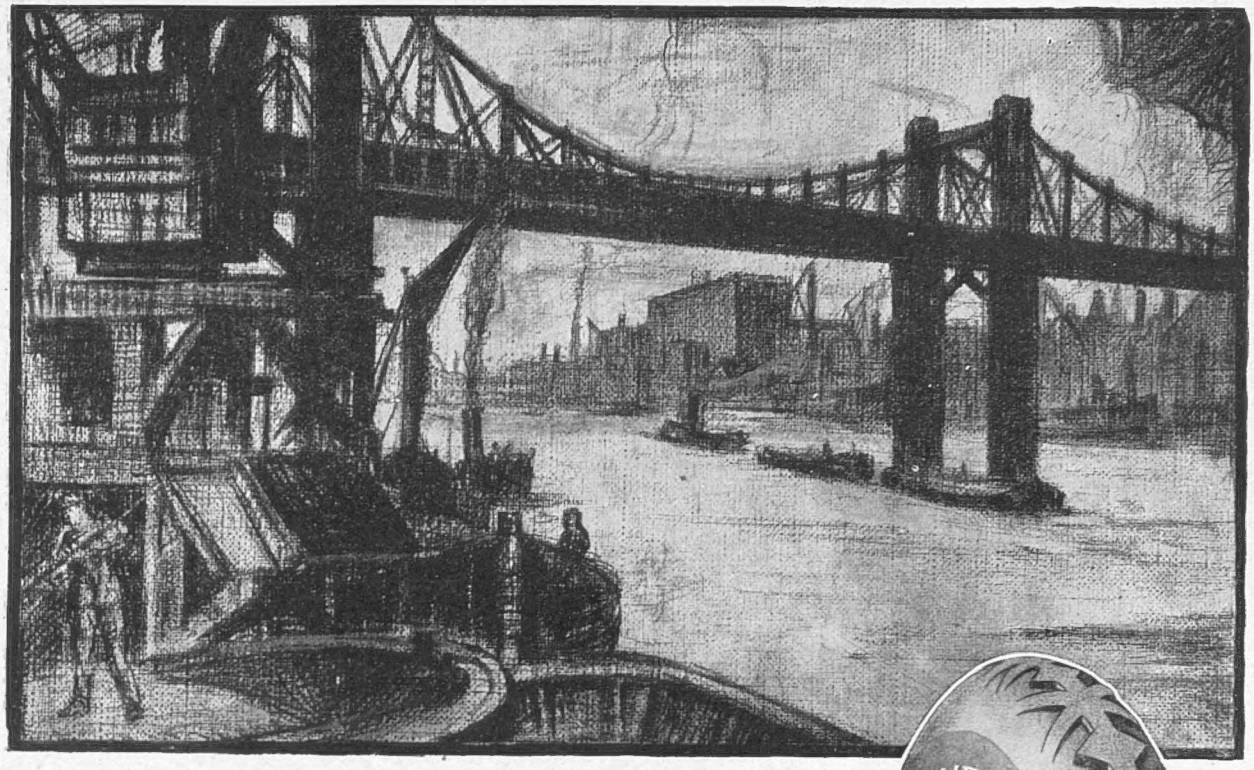

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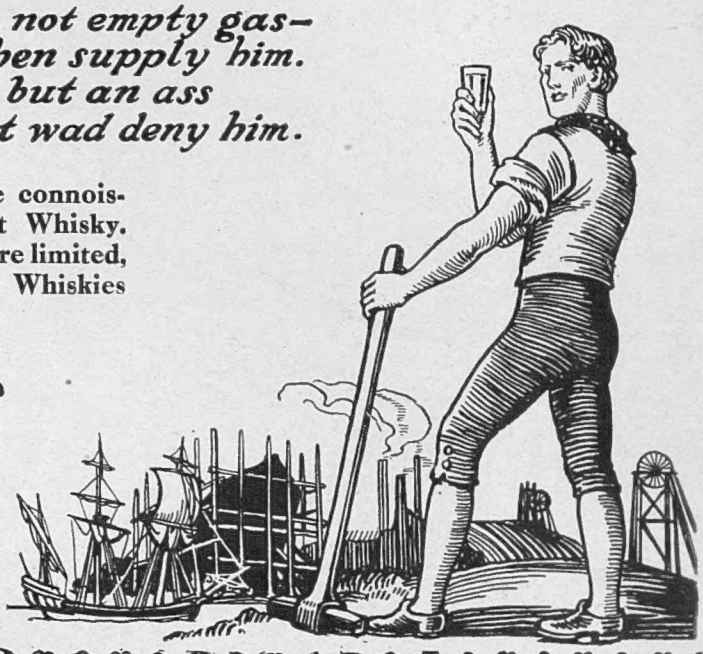

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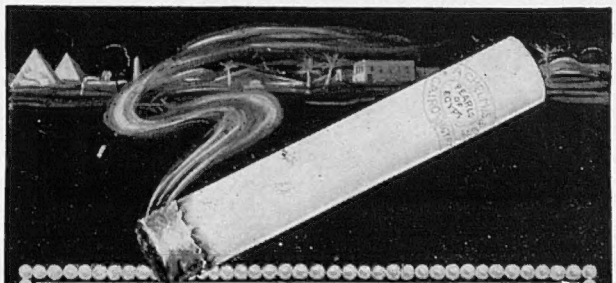

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